

ANGELIC DEFENDERS & DEMONIC ABUSERS

MEMOIRS OF
A SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR



KERTH BARKER

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Memoirs of a Satanic Ritual Abuse Survivor
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By Kerth Barker

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Angelic Defenders & Demonic Abusers  
Memoirs of a Satanic Ritual Abuse Survivor  
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It is advised that persons below the age of eighteen should avoid reading this book because of explicit descriptions of child abuse. If you have children in your home, please make sure that they do not have access to it.

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### **Two Quotes Attributed to Mark Twain**

*“It’s no wonder that truth is stranger than fiction.*

*Fiction has to make sense.”*

*“It’s not the size of the dog in the fight,  
it’s the size of the fight in the dog.”*

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Introduction by the Author

In telling the story of the abuse I survived as a child, I think I have to make some things clear up front.

There have been journalists and whistle-blowers who have made it clear to the public that pedophile rings are connected to many political scandals and financial frauds. The Franklin cover-up in Nebraska was one such scandal, and a number of serious journalists have written of it. In the Franklin affair, a child prostitution ring that sexually serviced politicians was exposed and linked to a Satanic cult. This child prostitution was used to blackmail politicians and that in turn made a major financial fraud possible. Later, a great deal of effort was put into covering up the incident and convincing the public that it was all just a hoax. However, journalists such as Senator John W. DeCamp and Nick Bryant have investigated this in depth and revealed that the original allegation of an organized child prostitution ring was quite real. And the Franklin cover-up was just the tip of the iceberg. Since then it has become abundantly clear that pedophile rings are in operation in

Washington DC; Alex Jones, Fritz Springmeier and other courageous journalists have covered the issue.

Other such pedophile rings have been revealed elsewhere in the United States and Europe. Even former President Jimmy Carter has publicly spoken of the problem of contemporary human trafficking in the United States. It's an undeniable fact that children are abducted and sold into slavery for sexual purposes. When my first editions of this book came out, these pedophile groups were still rarely acknowledged, but that has changed. Consider the 2016 Pizzagate scandal. However, not all pedophile groups operate in the same way. And my personal experiences may not be typical in every respect. I'm not trying to be an objective journalist in telling this story. What I'm attempting to do with this book is to give you some understanding of what goes on in such pedophile rings from the point of view of an exploited child. This is not an academic analysis. My intention is to portray the emotional landscape of a child forced into pedophiliac prostitution.

I can't tell my story without describing some of the sexual abuse in an explicit way. I'm not trying to offend anyone, but this is a necessary part of the story. Unfortunately, many pedophiles believe that they are giving pleasure to the children they abuse. They imagine that their acts of sexual abuse are acts of love. But a child who has been terrified and forced to sexually service adults does not feel sexual pleasure from the experience and does not feel love for the abusers. I can tell you from my own personal childhood experiences that being abused feels painful and humiliating. What I felt for my abusers was mostly fear of them and revulsion for what they forced me to do. By describing what happened to me and other children, and honestly presenting the truth of the pain and humiliation, I am not trying to sexually titillate anyone. This is a necessary explicit description intended to convey the urgency of addressing this problem which has been ignored for so long. You need to realize that this type of organized pedophiliac prostitution is becoming increasingly common throughout the world.

Also in this telling of my personal experiences, I don't feel obligated to reveal everything I know. I may withhold or change names. I may conceal certain things to protect the identities of others. My descriptions of the abuse process will be incomplete because I don't want to teach anyone the

complete technology of mind control. I'm concerned that some unscrupulous readers might abuse such knowledge. But the truth of what it feels like to be an exploited child I will reveal with as much candor as I can.

As well as this: for the sake of readability and storytelling, I'm not going to tell the story in a completely sequential fashion. It's my intention to tell the story of my childhood in the way I experienced it, but I also am going to share those understandings of my childhood which came to me later in life.

In the sections in which there is dialogue, I think that it's obvious that no one could remember the exact wording of such conversations which took place decades ago. I'm recalling these experiences as best I can. But I'm not going to make up anything that didn't happen. Nor will I alter the events themselves. And you should also understand that I have had an advanced form of therapy which rehabilitates the memory system; this made it possible for me to be able to re-experience memories in a way that can be very direct. Recently, when I made the intentional decision to tell this story, that decision caused my memory system to release a flood of memories. So as I re-experienced this story in memory, I reported it in writing. So the dialogue and descriptions of events may be far more precise than you might expect.

I think I need to point out that any persons who have been subjected to ritual abuse may experience emotional distress if they read this. These graphic descriptions of torture could trigger repressed memories. And sudden flashbacks of traumatic abuse can be very upsetting. Therefore, for some it may be best to read this only if you are in a safe and supportive environment. However, I also believe that some abuse survivors may find this book useful. Even if it brings back painful memories, it may help you in processing them. And recovering victims may find hope in hearing the story of a survivor.

In all honesty, I don't claim that my recall of my childhood abuse is perfect. However, I have reason to believe that my recall of such abuse is clearer than that of most survivors. Confabulation is the commingling of real memories with imagination. This can sometimes happen if hypnosis is used to recover repressed memories. However, I know the difference between memory and confabulation. And my recall of memory is not based on hypnosis.

Before and during the writing of this book I prayed to God and opened myself to divine guidance. The decision to tell this story triggered a mental process in which I fully relived my childhood. Once I began to write, the memories began to flow with great lucidity.

The only way that I could write this was to not censor myself, but to simply describe in words what I relived in memory. Rather than trying to calculate what I might think the readers would be likely to accept, I decided to simply tell this story in a straightforward way. I don't care if this book makes sense to everyone. As Mark Twain pointed out, only fiction has to make sense. In writing this book, my job wasn't to convince anybody of anything. My only job was to testify.

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## Mr. 666

In many respects, the home where I grew up as a child was quite normal. We lived in a neighborhood in the suburbs outside of an American Midwestern city. It was the type of neighborhood where everyone knew everyone else by their first names. We children would play on the front lawns and the adults would stop to make small talk with each other on the street. On summer evenings we would catch fireflies in jars or play hide and seek with the other kids in the neighborhood. In the winter the parents would sometimes block off the street so that we children could slide down the hill on our sleds. Norman Rockwell could have painted scenes from my neighborhood. It was the kind of neighborhood depicted on those old TV sitcoms from the 1950s and early 60s – shows like *Leave it to Beaver* and *My Three Sons*.

On the outside things seemed normal, but as is the case with much of this world, the underlying reality of this neighborhood was not what it seemed.

When I was young, my family had a woman who would sometimes act as a nanny or babysitter; I remember that we children called her *Shotzy*. She spoke English well, but with a slight German accent. She had been introduced to our nuclear family by our family patriarch – a man who I will identify as V.P.. V.P. stands for “Veiled Prophet”. I call him that because he once anonymously appeared in the costume of the Veiled Prophet character

in a large parade that took place in a Midwestern city. This parade, although it outwardly seemed innocent, had occult implications to a secret society. And this Veiled Prophet character in the parade was the representation of an Anti-Christian authority.

Shortly after my birth, V.P. had brought Shotzy by one day and introduced her as a close friend of his. V.P. was very respected by my parents. In fact, the home where we lived had been found for my parents by V.P.. This was at a time when there was a post-World W II housing shortage. And V.P. had helped with the financing as well. So my parents held him in high regard.

My father had been an infantry officer in WWII. He had met my mother while on leave. They had been introduced to one another at a party being held by some wealthy friends of my father's family. My mother had been an officer in the Army Nurse Corp. They were married and had their first child while the war was still ongoing. After the war they left the military and my father started on his business career. Eventually V.P. talked them into moving near him. On the wall of our home there was a photo which had been taken of my parents on the first day they met. In it, they both looked sharp in their military uniforms. In a sense, they started out their marriage as Lieutenants Mom and Dad. However, during the war my father would eventually be promoted to Captain, thus making him the official ranking officer of our nuclear family.

However nobody in our extended family ever outranked V.P.. He was the undisputed family patriarch. He was a wealthy man. He was on the Board of Directors of a major corporation, in a position of authority. He had many wealthy and powerful friends and was an acquaintance of some famous persons such as Charles Lindbergh. What most people didn't know about V.P. was that he was also a secret society member.

I don't know the exact path that V.P. took to Satanism. I think it started when he was in college. He was recruited into some type of Luciferian secret society. He had a genius level IQ and was ambitious. He married young, left Georgia and started working in the oil fields of Oklahoma. This was during the boom years. He made and lost a million dollars in those oil fields. Eventually he was recruited into a large corporation by a known leader of the American Nazi party. V.P. had mixed feelings about the Nazis. His own family had a Jewish background; his Jewish ancestors had

converted to Southern Baptists. But V.P. was the type of man to put up with anything or anyone in order to get ahead. And the fact of his Jewish ancestry was not well known.

At one point in his career, he was sent to New York for a while by his company. Apparently his time in New York had been a turning point for him. That's where he was recruited into a Luciferian secret society of great power. Also he met Shotzy there.

Shotzy had been a leader in the Nazi Youth Party in Germany before and during the war. She had also worked in a concentration camp with doctors who experimented on Jewish and Gypsy children. After the fall of Nazi Germany, she went into hiding as a war criminal. However, after winning the war there had been an effort on the part of the U.S. to acquire the intellectual resources of Nazi Germany. So Shotzy was recruited by the CIA and they brought her into the U.S. under the umbrella of Project Paperclip.

Many Americans still don't realize that the CIA brought a large number of Nazis into the U.S. after the war. And these Nazis became highly influential in our society. You have to understand that the CIA is basically run by the Skull & Bones Society, which recruits its members out of Yale University. And Skull & Bones is a branch of the Illuminati. And of course, the Illuminati is a secret society with the goal of global domination. It's presently the most powerful secret society in the world.

Shotzy was both debriefed and trained by the CIA. They gave her a new identity. They gave her money and work. Her war crimes were to be ignored. She had been "de-Nazified".

Shotzy was involved with a form of MK Ultra mind control research. Although many people have heard of MK Ultra, it's often misunderstood. In reality it was a project to combine what the American government knew about mind control with what the Germans knew about this subject. The letters MK use the English word for "mind" and the German word for "control." MK = Mind Kontrolle. "Ultra" refers to a high level of security classification. MK Ultra was the CIA's secret research project on mind control. It began in 1953 and officially lasted for twenty years. (Although, in a sense, this mind control project is still ongoing, but now it uses the name of Monarch mind control.)



MK Ultra involved more than eighty institutions and hundreds of experimenters. Its projects varied greatly. Some of the more notorious projects, such as the one in Canada, were eventually declassified. But most of the research was kept secret. These days, when most journalists talk of MK Ultra they are referring to the work of Donald Ewen Cameron or certain other well known experiments involving LSD; these have been somewhat declassified. But really these are not typical of what was going on in the more successful experimental MK Ultra programs. The declassified projects tend to represent the failed experiments done by incompetents. Many of the other experimenters were much more successful and used somewhat different methods than the ones described in the declassified papers.

MK Ultra's real purpose was to take traditional Satanism and turn it into a scientific method. So it's really the science of Satanic Ritual Abuse. This is trauma-based mind control. A person is traumatized with torture, drugs and sensory deprivation to the point of becoming disassociated. The victim disconnects from his or her natural personality and develops a new one. It's as if the person has become possessed by a demon. And one might argue that demon possession is what's really going on. This new personality is controlled by the programmer. So persons can be brainwashed into doing things which go against their natural values.

The Nazi Party was Shotzy's first teacher in the art of mind control. The Nazi Youth program had been a massive propaganda project. Shotzy went from training children to be good Nazis to assisting in the systematic murder of children in a medical environment. In the concentration camps she had learned the art and science of torturing children. Then, with a further education from the CIA, Shotzy was trained in the science of MK Ultra mind control. She specialized in programming children to become sex slaves to adults. The CIA understood the value of using pedophilic sex as a method of blackmail. Finally, Shotzy had completed her education in mind control with guidance from hardcore Satanists. They taught her how to invoke demons to possess children.

When she first met V.P., Shotzy was in New York studying Theosophy, with an emphasis on the writings of Madam Blavatsky. They were introduced at a party held in the mansion of a high-ranking Illuminati member. Shotzy quickly became V.P.'s mistress. Theosophy is a international Luciferian

movement. But it turned out to be too tame for Shotzy and V.P.. They became drawn to more hardcore Satanic teachings such as those of Aleister Crowley. They also studied in secret libraries which contained books on Satanism that have never been publicly published. When V.P. moved back to the Midwest, Shotzy tagged along, and together they organized a type of Satanic coven. But they were under the guidance of an aristocratic Luciferian whom they called by the nickname of *the Baron*.

It might seem strange that a secret Nazi war criminal would hook up with a man who had Jewish ancestors. Of course, Shotzy knew of V.P.'s genetic background. But by the time she had met him, she wasn't so much a Nazi as she was a Satanist. As a Nazi, her worldview had been that society was divided by race. She believed that the races had a hierarchy which consisted of the superior Aryans, the lesser races and the most evil Jewish race. The CIA recruiters who trained her were Luciferians, and they initiated her into Luciferianism. So once she had been retrained in the pure doctrine of Lucifer, she had a new worldview. She came to believe that the world was divided into those persons initiated into Luciferian secret societies and those inferior persons who were uninitiated. She came to believe in a form of Social Darwinism which implies that aristocratic Satanists are a superior form of human animal. From the Luciferian viewpoint that she was indoctrinated in, she learned that uninitiated persons were merely cattle to be controlled by the Luciferian initiates. So instead of hating Jews, she learned to hate anyone who wasn't an initiated Luciferian. And as a Satanist, she considered that the most stupid of the uninitiated cattle were the Christians. V.P.'s social persona was Christian, but secretly he practiced Luciferianism. So that's why Shotzy wasn't concerned with V.P.'s Jewish ancestry.

As bad as the Nazis are, the Satanists are much worse. The Nazis want to kill all Blacks and all Jewish persons. But the Satanists want to kill everyone. The Satanists don't just hate one or two groups of people, they hate God and all of humanity. The ultimate goal of High Adept Satanism is to create an apocalypse which leaves behind only the dehumanized Satanists and their dehumanized slaves. Not all Satanists understand the ultimate plans of the most powerful High Adept Satanists. The High Adept Satanists are "trans-humanists", they want to eliminate humanity, replacing it with some new species, and they want to destroy the natural environment

through massive geoengineering. Shotzy was someone who had become seduced by this type of radical Satanism.

The first time I remember meeting Shotzy, I was about six years old. At that time I had no idea what I was going to be in for. She was very friendly in her attitude toward me, and she seemed nice. Initially I liked her. But what I didn't know at that time was that even by then she had already done damage to my life.

Years later, as a teenager, I was told stories about Shotzy from others who knew about my upbringing. It was then that I learned how Shotzy had been creating problems for me since the day I had been born.

When I was born it had been a very difficult time for my family. My mother and father hadn't planned for me. In those days, they were using birth control diligently, but their birth control methods failed them one night after a holiday party shortly before Christmas. They were unenthusiastic about my birth, but they went ahead with it anyway. Abortion was illegal in those days, however if they had really wanted one, they could have arranged for it. Nevertheless, their feelings about bringing me into the world were ambiguous. The birth had been difficult. And afterwards, my mother suffered from postpartum depression.

Shotzy had strange ideas which came from her Nazi Youth days. She wanted to train me to be a Wehrmacht superman – a soldier with a will of iron. She believed that empathy was a weakness which should be trained out of children. Breast feeding encourages empathy. So Shotzy had talked my depressed and vulnerable mother into not breast feeding me. This created health problems for me as an infant. This is not to say that my mother was cruel to me. She and the other members of my family treated me well as a child, but unfortunately Shotzy had managed to involve herself in my family. She had sometimes been my babysitter when I was an infant. So at times I would be left alone with her. She believed that an infant should be isolated and touched as little as possible. If I cried she would check to see if my diapers needed changing. If she found no reason for my crying which she considered to be valid, she would slap me hard in the face.

Shotzy had a carefully constructed social persona. Superficially Shotzy seemed like a cheerful little lady with a funny German accent. But really she was an evil Satanic witch.

However, when my parents were present, her behavior toward me was always appropriate and kindly. They liked Shotzy and respected her. Periodically she would come over on weekends and babysit my siblings and me for free. She seemed like a responsible person to my parents. They completely trusted V.P., who they knew to be her friend. My parents knew nothing of the Luciferian secret societies or of Shotzy's Nazi Youth experience. All they knew was that she seemed to be able to manage children well. And in fact she could effectively manage children. Superficially she came off as being a good babysitter. But in reality she handled children with the same impersonal skill that a ranch owner handles his cattle. What my parents didn't understand was that once they left us alone with Shotzy, my siblings and I were in danger.

When she wanted to, she could knock us out with sleep drugs. She was famous for her hot chocolate. She would make it up special with little marshmallows floating in the cups. What I didn't know then was that she was also putting drugs in it. We would all get sleepy after drinking the hot chocolate, and then she'd tuck us into bed. But what I didn't know at the time was that she sometimes would do other things with us as well.

There is something else I should tell you about our neighborhood. Although most of the families there were good people, there were a number of secret Satanists who lived there or nearby. The first Satanist who had moved into that area, years before the others, had done so because he had found a house for sale that had the street number of 666. So I'm going to refer to him as *Mr. 666*. He had friends who were Satanists, and some of them had later moved in nearby. Several of these Satanists worked at the local grade school. There were at least six homes nearby my home which were owned by the Satanic friends of V.P. and Shotzy.

Eventually, years later, I would figure out that Shotzy was taking me to the nearby home of Mr. 666 at night after she knocked out my siblings and me. By the time I was a teenager, I had become acquainted with some discontented Satanists who themselves had become disillusioned with Luciferianism. One of these Satanists showed me some photographs of myself as a child, asleep and naked on a Satanic altar. There were also similar photos of other children. Pedophilic Satanists referred to these as "the sleeping beauty photos". It turned out that Mr. 666 had made these photos without our knowing and had sold copies of them to other

pedophilic Satanists.

As Shotzy did this sleep-drug trick of hers more and more, I began to remember some of these late night trips. But at that time I didn't really understand what was going on. One thing that Satanists do when they abuse children is that they put surrealistic elements into their rituals. This way, if the child remembers and recounts the incident, it will sound like it wasn't real. An example of this can be found in my first memory of this abuse which took place at the house of Mr. 666. He did this trick in which he would string a tightrope about three feet off the ground inside of his house. It went across the house, from support beam to support beam, through a doorway. Apparently he had trained himself to be a tightrope walker. He would darken the lights in such a way so that the rope could not be easily seen. He would set up his Satanic Altar in his living room. Then, wearing a Frankenstein Halloween mask and a black robe, he would walk into the living room on the tightrope so that it looked like he was walking above the ground in the air. He did that one night when I partially woke up from the drug-induced sleep. The next day when I got up in the morning, I told my mother that Shotzy had taken me somewhere on the night before. I also told my mother that I had seen Frankenstein walking in the air. My mother insisted that I had merely experienced a nightmare and told me that I shouldn't look at horror movies any more. I knew that it wasn't a nightmare, and that I was remembering something real, but I couldn't convince her of that.

This type of abuse continued. I only have fragments of memories from this. I do remember seeing Shotzy, Mr. 666 and other people in black robes ritualistically defacing Bibles. I also remember them chanting. Years later I would find out that they were chanting verses from the Bible backwards. Whenever I tried to talk with my mother about what was happening, she would insist that they were just nightmares or that I had an overactive imagination. And as a child, I had no clear idea of what was really happening to me. During these Satanic rituals which I had been brought to, I never saw anyone's face. They all either wore masks or hid their faces in the shadows of the hoods they wore.

Mr. 666 apparently became sexually obsessed with me. He started stalking me. I began to notice a man following me around when I walked around the neighborhood with my childhood friends. At the time, I didn't associate this

man with the nightmarish experiences that I had when Shotzy babysat us. I didn't know who this man was, but I had seen him around the neighborhood in various situations. I only knew that he lived somewhere in our general neighborhood.

During fair weather, my parents often had barbecues and yard parties with cocktails in which anyone from around the neighborhood was welcome to drop by. Mr. 666 ingratiated himself with my parents so that he could be near me. However, in those days I didn't associate his face with the man in the Frankenstein mask who had terrorized me in nightmarish visions.

The abuse that I had been subjected to on the nights when Shotzy took me away was limited to what could be done to me while I was semiconscious. Most of these experiences I couldn't consciously remember anyway. I do have reason to think that oral sex was performed on me from time to time to cause me to have erections – which were then photographed. But at the time, I wasn't consciously aware of this. The only hint which my parents had that something was wrong was that I had developed an intense fear of the dark – which isn't unusual in children anyway.

Satanism is a secret religion. Secrecy is very important to the Luciferian secret societies. Whenever persons are initiated into one of these cultic groups, they always make serious oaths to maintain the group's invisibility. And the way that Shotzy had abducted me at night had been done within a structured framework of rules designed to maintain their group's secrecy.

But one day Mr. 666 crossed a line and broke their secrecy rule when he abducted me in broad daylight. This was when I was about eight years old. Only half a block from where I lived there was a small park where children played. My mother felt comfortable letting me go down there by myself. At the time of the abduction, there were a couple of children on one side of the park playing jump rope and I was playing by myself, kicking a ball around. Suddenly this car stopped next to me and a man jumped out and grabbed me. He threw me in the back seat and drove off. I remember all this as a blur of terror and confusion. He took me back to his house, which was nearby, and molested me for what seemed like several hours. I was sobbing the whole time. He stripped me, fondled me, performed oral sex and masturbated himself. He did this several times. He also filmed himself doing this. Finally the torturous abuse ended. Then he dressed me, put me

back into his car and drove several blocks away. He dumped me off in front of the nearby school house before speeding away.

Some older boys found me sitting on the curb crying. They walked me back to my parent's house. My mother and father were very upset. Apparently adults and older children all over the neighborhood had been out looking for me. The other children who were in the park with me had been uncertain about my abduction. They had ignored me as they played on their own. They had heard a car stop and then speed off. Sometime after that happened, they had noticed that I was gone. Not certain if something bad had happened, they went back to their home to say something to their mother about it. Their mother called my mother. The communication about what had actually happened wasn't clear. My mother wasn't certain if I had been abducted or if I had wandered off and gotten lost. But when she heard that possibly a man in a car had abducted me, she became so upset that she had called my father. He had in turn called V.P. for advice. V.P. had told them to not call the police but to just get the neighbors to help look for me.

At the time that all this had happened, I didn't know what was going on. I just knew that something bad had happened and that I was upset. Years later, a Satanist who was an acquaintance of mine would tell me the story of what really happened.

Mr. 666 had apparently become overwhelmed with pedophilic lust for me one day when he was driving by this little neighborhood park. When he spied me there, on impulse he jumped out of his car and grabbed me. He took me back to his house and stripped me down. With intense lust, he started to molest me. He made money by selling films and photographs of pedophilic sex to other pedophiles. So at some point in the abuse, he decided to stop just long enough to set up his movie camera.

The other children playing in the park that day hadn't been particularly aware of me. But eventually they noticed that I was gone and remembered that a car had quickly driven away from the park. Eventually they became concerned and told their mother. This event took place in the early 1960s. It was common then for parents to let children play in this park unsupervised. The parents who let their children play in the park unsupervised were not considered to be irresponsible. The neighborhood was considered to be safe in those days. But once my mother couldn't find me at the park, and nobody

else knew where I was, the alarm went out. Once V.P. became involved, he told my parents to not worry, but instead to get the neighbors to help search for me. My father came home from the office and organized the search.

While the whole neighborhood was out looking for me, V.P. called Shotzy and asked what the hell was going on. Shotzy immediately telephoned Mr. 666 and found out from him what he had done. She told him that he had created a ruckus and that he better let me go. So he did. Shotzy then headed for my parent's house to do spin control. The older boys who had found me had brought me back home by the time she got there. At first my parents were afraid that I had been abducted. I was crying hysterically and they couldn't get anything out of me. So Shotzy convinced them that they should let her talk to me alone.

She took me aside and kept saying, "You just got lost for a while, isn't that right."

Eventually I stopped crying and asked, "I got lost?"

Shotzy kept insisting that I had just gotten lost and that nothing was really wrong. She spoke in a soothing voice. She calmed me down. She kept on saying the same thing over and over. Finally I started repeating the story she told me.

After a while, Shotzy brought me before my parents and had me say, "I got lost."

So that became the official story. Of course you have to remember that Shotzy had first been trained by the Nazis. The basis of Nazi propaganda was what they called *the Big Lie*. If you just tell the same lie over and over again, no matter how big it is, eventually it will be believed as the truth. My parents were relieved to believe that I had only been lost and that nothing worse had happened. However, the pacification of my parents was only one part of Shotzy's problem.

V.P. was furious with Mr. 666. It wasn't that V.P. was concerned about the fact that I had been molested. He was a pedophile also. Apparently he had fantasies about me as well. But he was jealous that Mr. 666 had gotten to me first. And he was angry that Mr. 666 had created an incident which had alarmed my entire neighborhood. This broke the Luciferian sacred rule of invisibility.



V.P.'s real job for his corporation was that of a price fixer. Price fixing was the crime where supposedly competing corporations secretly agreed to fix prices at a certain level for the purpose of profit making. In those days price fixing was considered a serious crime. It was against the law for certain corporations to make secret price fixing agreements. They were supposed to allow product prices to be set only by the free market dynamics of supply and demand. Of course the greedy corporations did in fact secretly fix prices. But because such agreements weren't legal, enforcing them was a problem. And V.P.'s job was to solve that problem.

The corporations could bribe the politicians and police to look the other way, but they still had to control their own employees. V.P. had violent criminal enforcers who worked for him. If anyone failed to adhere to a secret price fixing agreement, his enforcers would use threats and violence to bring that person back in line.

That evening after my abduction, V.P. sent his enforcers over to the house of Mr. 666. He disappeared from my life after that. It would only be years later that I would connect the dots and figure all this out. I remember that when I was a child, shortly after this incident took place, my parents talked about how a neighbor friend of theirs had suddenly moved away. The neighborhood gossip was that he had been in an accident of some kind and had spent time in the hospital. The neighbors felt sad when a short while later he had suddenly moved away. Apparently everyone liked him and thought that he was a good guy.

However this didn't really make me safer. In many respects it made things worse for me. Through his enforcers, V.P. had acquired Mr. 666's collection of child pornography, including the photos and films he'd taken of me. V.P.'s sexual interest in me went from being a fantasy to being a full fledged obsession.

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Merry Little Lamb

On a regular basis since early childhood I had spent weekends at V.P.'s home. He and his wife liked having me there. He had black servants who were nice to me, and his backyard was large. There was an abandoned

chicken house and an orchard. V.P. had large garden beds and his own gardener. There were shuffleboard courts outside. In the house there were lots of board games and toys. Yet I had mixed feelings about being there. In some ways it was fun, but I also felt nervous about V.P.. I had always felt intimidated by him.

When I stayed at V.P.'s house overnight, I slept in a small bedroom which opened directly into the bedroom where V.P. and his wife slept. In order to get to the bathroom I had to walk through V.P.'s bedroom at night, which was something V.P. didn't like for me to do. Furthermore, they tended to make me go to bed early, shortly after supper. This meant that my bladder would be full in the middle of the night. But I couldn't get up to go to the bathroom if I needed to. I would try to hold my bladder until morning, which would become painful. If I tried to tiptoe past V.P.'s bed he would wake up and cuss me out. If I wet my bed he would cuss me out. He always stank of cigarettes and alcohol, and the drunker he got, the more mean-spirited he became.

But it wasn't until after the incident where Mr. 666 abducted me that V.P. started to molest me. I'm certain that I wasn't the only child to which he had done this. That little bedroom next to his was sometimes used by other boys – some of them were related to him and some not. One night when I was there, he suddenly came into the room, picked me up and took me back to his bed. He anally raped me, which was overwhelmingly painful for me. It felt as if I was being split in two. I remember that as soon as it started, his dog, which was outside, started barking frantically and kept on barking until it was over. I think I screamed at first. For a time, I passed out from the pain. Afterwards V.P.'s wife, the family matriarch, took me back to my bed. She held me in her arms and kept on saying the same thing over and over – like a mantra.

In my mind I still can hear her gentle voice saying, "None of this is happening. None of this is real. You just had a nightmare. When you wake up in the morning everything will be normal again."

When I came home to my parent's house the next day I went into the bathroom and I tried to defecate. But blood came out with the feces. When I got up and turned around to pull the handle to flush the toilet, I froze in fear. When I looked down into the toilet bowl and saw all the blood in it, I

screamed. My mother came into the bathroom and saw all the blood in the toilet bowl. She told me to pull up my pants, and then she called V.P.'s wife. I remember that, as my mother talked with V.P.'s wife, there was strong emotion in her voice. I thought for a second that she might actually do something to protect me.

However, as always, she let herself be manipulated by V.P. and his wife. What my mother was told was that I had eaten too much cheese the night before and that it had clogged up my system. So the idea was that I had merely had a "hard stool". So this was the explanation for the blood. My mother, as always, believed what she was told by V.P. and his wife and that was the end of that, so far as she was concerned. She gave me a warm bath and told me not to worry.

I really had no good understanding of the rape which had happened to me the night before. I had felt pain in my anus which was obviously real. I didn't have the words by which I could explain to my mother what had happened. Also my parents and siblings tended to treat me as if I were a nuisance. In those days the attitude of adults was that "Children are to be seen and not heard." They would actually say this to me. I was discouraged from talking. I was rarely held or touched. I knew that our family patriarch had done something wrong to me, but I had no way of reporting this information to Captain Dad and Lieutenant Mom.

But the next Sunday, after Church, when my parents wanted to take us children to go visit V.P., I refused to go. When my parents tried to insist, I started crying and pleading that they not take me. Finally my parents decided that I could stay in the house by myself while they took the other children and went to visit V.P.. And because I was being naughty, I would have to go without my lunch.

I felt relieved that I didn't have to go to V.P.'s house, but I also felt isolated. There was a sturdy wooden book shelf in the living room of our home which was taller than me. It was built into the wall. I had learned that I could climb up the shelves as if they were a ladder. My parents, of course, forbade me from doing this. But being by myself in the house I decided to disobey my parents' rules and climbed up to where I could reach the top shelf. Once there, I randomly pulled out a book from the shelf and jumped back down.

It was an art history book of some kind. In it was a picture of an angel with great wings and a sword that he waved in the air. He had his foot on the neck of a dragon whom he had just defeated in combat. Just as I looked at this picture, a beam of light broke through the curtains in the living room and illuminated the page. Goosebumps ran up my spine. I felt a presence in the room with me; I felt that there was an invisible angel there with me. I wasn't alone anymore. I felt safe for the first time in a long time. I curled up on the carpet and took a nap.

When my family came home that day, I was still napping. I woke up when they entered the house. They talked about the wonderful visit they just had at V.P.'s house. He had given all my siblings gifts of money. They teased me saying that I had been stupid to not come with them. My parents also presented me with a baseball glove given to me by V.P.. They told me how hurt he had felt because I hadn't shown up that day. All this made me feel stupid and guilty.

Then my father found his art book open on the floor of the living room. I was criticized for having climbed up the book shelf to get it. My father told me that this was a valuable book and that he had put it up there specifically because he didn't want us children to get it dirty. I was told that I was in trouble and that I had to go to bed without supper. I went up into my room and curled up under the blankets into a fetal position and cried. After a while my mother came up to my room with a tray that held a cup of soup, some crackers and a glass of milk. She let me eat them in my room and kissed me on my forehead.

That night I had a vivid nightmare. It was so vivid and emotionally intense I've never forgotten it. I dreamt that I was climbing up my father's book shelf. It was nighttime but the bright moonlight illuminated everything. As I climbed up the bookshelf it turned into a cliff side. As I climbed up this now rocky cliff side, I saw that there were pirates below me, climbing up after me. They looked like typical movie-show pirates with swords, eye patches and such. But I felt terrified and so I started to climb higher and higher. As I approached the top of the tall cliff, I saw that there were pirates waiting up there for me as well. Then I saw that there were pirates on either side of me. So I was surrounded on all sides with no place to escape. My arms got weak and I lost my grip on the cliff side. I fell in slow motion to the ground below – believing that I was going to die. Then an angel with wings swooped

down and grabbed me just in time. We flew away and landed on a mountaintop where there were other angels. I felt overjoyed. We cheered as the sun rose in the distance. And just at that moment, the sunlight streaming into my bedroom woke me up from the dream. Over breakfast I told my family about the dream and they all seemed amused.

That evening my parents got a phone call from V.P.. He said that he wanted to take me to the metropolitan Zoo on the next weekend. My parents agreed. V.P. said that he had arranged for Shotzy to come pick me up in her car. Supposedly this was because he had a business meeting that day and needed to save time. So the idea was that he would just meet the two of us at the Zoo itself, and Shotzy would drive me there and back. Without consulting me, my parents told V.P. that I would be delighted to go and thanked him.

That weekend Shotzy did pick me up as scheduled, but we didn't go to the Zoo. While we were supposedly on the way there, she said we had to stop by at a friend's house for just a minute. She took me inside. It was at this time that Shotzy used a Satanic ritual mind control technique. This technique involved a live cat and two Teddy Bears. I have reason to believe that techniques like this have been used on a number of Monarch mind control victims. But before I describe that ritual, I think that I should also explain a little bit about the use of language in trauma-based mind control.

I don't want to go into the exact methods, but I should say that language is used in a very exacting way to control the victims of this type of mind control. There is a branch of linguistics called *semantics*; this is the study of language and the meaning of words. In about the year 1920 a scientific discipline was formed which eventually took the name of General Semantics. The primary originator of this discipline was Alfred Korzybski. Like semantics, General Semantics was concerned with language, but it also was concerned with other subjects such as brain function and the true nature of the human condition. General Semantics is often overlooked by contemporary academics, but at one time it was highly influential. I think that the intentions of the General Semanticists were benevolent, but some Satanists took ideas from this movement and twisted them around to provide a scientific framework for Satanic Ritual Abuse.

Anyway, with that in mind, when I went into this house where Shotzy had

taken me, they used a technique to program me in a very exacting way. At first it seemed like I had come into a fun situation. There were two other women there, and they were both very friendly. They gave me candy and soda pop. They told me what a handsome little boy I was. At one point I noticed that there was a cat on the kitchen floor who was sleeping next to a bowl of milk. I asked what was wrong, and they laughed. They said that Mr. Whiskers was just taking a nap.

Then they told me about a fun game that they wanted to play. They said that they had a game that would give one the feeling of flying. The two women had something that looked like a small handheld stretcher, the sort that is used to carry sick people. The smaller and lighter of the two women laid down on the stretcher. They blindfolded her. Then, facing one another, Shotzy and her woman friend lifted up the stretcher. They lifted it up, holding it above their heads. The woman on the stretcher laughed with delight.

“Oh, this is so much fun!” she exclaimed.

They began to walk in circles so that the stretcher was spinning slowly.

“Wee! Oh, wee! Oh this is so fun! I feel like I’m flying,” she said with exaggerated delight.

They put her down and she took off the blindfold. She smiled and laughed with enthusiasm.

“Oh, that was so-oo much fun.”

Thinking that this would be fun, I decided that I wanted to play also. I asked if I could go next, and they agreed.

They laid a sheet down on the floor and put the stretcher on top of it. I laid down on the stretcher. They said that because they wanted me to be safe they were going to wrap the sheet around me and the stretcher. So they flipped the sheet over me, then picked up the stretcher and made the sheet secure around me. They blindfolded me. Then they picked me up and slowly spun me around as they walked in a circle. I had a feeling of flying and I laughed with delight. Then I felt the stretcher tip downward and I heard the sound of footsteps on stairs.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

No answer came.

I felt myself being stood up straight, so that I was in a standing position. The stretcher had been secured to something, but I was still immobilized by the sheet that had been wrapped around me. I couldn't see anything because of the blindfold.

"Is the game over?" I asked.

"Oh no, it's just about to start," came the answer.

The three women were laughing, but not in a friendly way. I felt afraid.

"I don't want to play anymore."

But the only response I got was more scary laughter. One of them mentioned something about smelling salts, and I heard the sound of a cat meowing.

Shotzy said, "Alright, girls, we're set."

After they took off the blindfold I was in darkness. I began to yell for them to turn on the lights and to let me go, but all I got was laughter in response. I started to yell for help as loud as I could until my voice became sore from screaming.

Finally Shotzy said, "You're wasting your time, nobody can hear you."

I began to sob. Slowly I became aware of a cat's mournful meow.

A woman lit a candle and the situation became partially illuminated. I could see three small crosses on a table in front of me. The cat, Mr. Whiskers, had been tied to the cross at my left. The cross at the center was empty. And the cross to my right had a Teddy Bear on it.

All three women had changed into black dresses, and they wore rubbery Halloween masks with ugly witch faces on them.

For a time they chanted something I couldn't understand. But I could tell which one was Shotzy because of her accent.

"Shotzy, make them stop," I said.

"Shotzy isn't here right now. I am the witch Belinda," she replied.

"I'll tell my Mommy what you did," I threatened.

They laughed.

Shotzy/Belinda held up a Teddy Bear in front of me. She held the candle so that I could see the name tag. The name on it was my name, Kerth Barker.

“What’s your name?” asked the witch Belinda.

I said, “I’m Kerth.”

“No you’re not. I’ve trapped the soul of Kerth Barker in this Teddy Bear. And it’s a good thing I did. Because Kerth Barker is going to die this day.”

Then the lights were turned on and I could see that I was in a basement. The basement windows had pieces of old mattress stuffed in them making the room soundproof. I became aware of the smell of urine and the fact that I had just urinated on myself. My legs were shaking uncontrollably. I tried to speak so that I could beg them to stop, but I couldn’t say anything because I was overwhelmed with fear.

They took the Teddy Bear with my name tag on it and hung it on the cross in front of me. Then they began to torture the cat. Everything they did to the cat they then did to the Teddy Bear with my name tag on it. But the Teddy Bear to my right was left alone. When they used a long pin to stab the cat in his right foreleg, they then stabbed the Teddy Bear with a long pin in his right arm. This type of thing went on for what seemed like a long time. They hurt the cat and the Teddy Bear in various ways. Finally they carefully cut open the cat’s stomach and slowly began to pull out his intestines. This whole time the cat had been meowing in a mournful way. After they started to pull out the cat’s intestines, they cut open the stomach of the Teddy Bear, and they began to pull out his stuffing. They went back and forth between the two.

I probably started to hallucinate because of my feeling of terror. At one point when they were pulling out the cat’s intestines, he looked directly at me and in his little cat voice he said, “Please make ‘em stop.”

I looked at Shotzy/Belinda and said, “Mr. Whiskers says you have to stop now.”

They laughed loudly at this.

Shotzy/Belinda said something in German which I didn’t understand, and then she said, “What a funny little boy you are.”

Then they cut off the cat's head and set it in front of its body. Then they cut off the Teddy Bear's head and set it in front of its body. By this time I was hyperventilating. I could smell the strong odor coming from my sweating body. My heart was pounding so hard that I felt that it would break.

Shotzy/Belinda took the third, unharmed Teddy Bear from the cross and showed it to me. It also had a name tag. The name tag said Merry Little Lamb.

Shotzy/Belinda said, "Your new name is Merry Little Lamb."

I felt myself passing out as she said that over and over.

Years later, I would receive a form of therapy which would allow me to recall the times when I had become disassociated from the trauma of Satanic Ritual Abuse. Because of this therapy I gained the ability to recall how Shotzy and her friends programmed me that day once I had become sufficiently disassociated.

Their use of language was very exact. Shotzy had a script of some kind that she used. I don't think the procedure was developed by Shotzy. I don't think that she was that smart. I don't want to explain exactly how this procedure worked. But the idea was that they were creating a new personality. And this new personality could be turned on at will.

They had a control phrase that went like this, "Merry was a little lamb, his skin was white as snow. Everywhere that Merry went, the wind was sure to blow."

This control phrase mimicked a common nursery rhyme, so if it had been overheard, it would not have aroused suspicion. Their intention was that by using this exactly worded control phrase, they could turn off the Kerth Barker personality and turn on the Merry Little Lamb personality. And that personality was one that they could control. This was the idea, but ultimately things didn't quite turn out as they planned. Nevertheless, that day they did successfully achieve their objective of suppressing my memory.

I woke up on the couch in the living room of the house where Shotzy had brought me. I had been bathed, my clothes had been washed and my brain had been washed as well. I couldn't remember anything about the abuse.

The human mind has a natural mechanism in which it turns off conscious access to any memory that's too painful to recall. This protects the ego from being overwhelmed. It allows the ego to continue to function. Trauma-based mind control takes advantage of that fact.

Shotzy had implanted a false memory which suggested that we had gone to the Zoo that day, which of course we had not. I had been to the metropolitan Zoo plenty of times in the past, so I did have actual memories of the Zoo. And her words brought to mind those actual memories. Shotzy talked about the things we had supposedly done and seen. She had pictures and postcards from the Zoo. As we sat on the couch together, we looked at those pictures and talked about our imaginary day at the Zoo and what we had done there.

After that, Shotzy drove me home. And as we rode along, we talked as if we had actually been to the Zoo. Once we arrived at my parent's home, Shotzy brought in with her a box that had been wrapped with gift paper. We stood in the living room with my parents and talked about what I had done that day. I found that my mind was blank and that I couldn't remember. But Shotzy kept prompting me.

She would say things like, "Remember when we saw the monkeys? Weren't they funny little fellows?"

And I would remember what the monkeys in the Zoo looked like and I would agree with her. The conversation went on like that for a while. My parents asked about V.P. and whether or not he had enjoyed the Zoo. The original story that my parents had been told was that we were supposed to meet V.P. at the Zoo, and that we were spending the day with him. V.P. had even called my parents on the phone, supposedly from the Zoo, and told them that I was OK and having fun. But I had never been to the Zoo with V.P. and had no memories of seeing him there. I told my parents that I didn't remember that V.P. had been there with me. Nervously Shotzy laughed and tried to cover up this huge omission. My mother seemed nervous when I couldn't remember anything about V.P. being at the zoo. But Shotzy kept on covering up saying that I was so busy having fun that I hadn't paid any attention to V.P.. Then Shotzy said that she had a present for me because I had been such a good boy. She said that V.P. had bought this present especially for me. Then she gave me the box.

I sat on the floor and opened it. In it was the Teddy Bear. This was the same

Teddy Bear that had been used in the ritual. It was the Teddy Bear that hadn't been hurt, except that it no longer had the name tag on it. That name tag had said "Merry Little Lamb".

Of course, they had removed the name tag. At that time, sitting on the floor, I couldn't consciously remember the ritual because I had gone into shock and Shotzy had programmed my mind so that I was unable to recall the abuse which had taken place earlier that day. The Teddy Bear no longer had a name tag on it, but I subconsciously reacted to it as if it did. I felt confused and shocked as I held it in my hands.

Shotzy said, "You know, that Teddy Bear has a name. His name is Merry because he's such a merry little fellow. He's so adorable; he is such a lamb. He's a Merry Little Lamb."

My parents made me thank Shotzy, and she kissed me on my forehead. She talked for a time with my parents and then left.

I put the Teddy Bear back into its box and pushed it under a chair. That evening a teenage female relative came over to have supper with us. She had been driven to our house by a teenage boyfriend who had dropped her off. The plan was that her father was to stop by after our supper and give her a ride home. During our supper with her, when it was mentioned that I had gone to the Zoo that day with V.P., she laughed and said that she had just come back from the Zoo with her boyfriend. They had been there all day. She was surprised that she hadn't seen us there. She asked what I had seen, and I recounted the story that Shotzy had programmed me to tell. It had been a very detailed story. However apparently the Zoo had made some changes in how the animals were displayed, and other buildings had been changed recently as well. So my description of the Zoo was inaccurate, and this fact was pointed out. This seemed to concern my mother. She had a look of perplexity on her face as we spoke about these things. And although I said nothing, I began to doubt that I had really been to the Zoo. But I still didn't remember what had really happened. However, V.P. had said that I had been to the Zoo with him, and nobody doubted anything he said. So in spite of the confusion, nobody questioned that I had been to the Zoo. And after supper my mother found the Teddy Bear and put it up in my room.

The Teddy Bear sat on a dresser across from my bed. The moonlight shone brightly into my room, and even after the lights were turned out I could still

see the Teddy Bear. It seemed to be staring at me. After I fell asleep I had a nightmare about it. In the nightmare, which seem very real to me, the Teddy Bear began to talk.

It kept on saying, "I am the demon god Faunus. I am going to eat you up until there is nothing left of you."

I felt so afraid of it that when I tried to speak to call for help I couldn't find my voice. Every time it said it was going to eat me up, it grew in size. It grew larger and larger until it was the size of a man. Its feet began to change into the feet of a goat. Two horns began to grow out of its head. It had a cruel smile displaying sharp teeth. I could smell its sulfurous breath. It had an erect penis which also grew larger and larger. I didn't really understand what this giant erect penis was. I felt as if it were some type of weapon. It terrified me.

I finally found my voice and started to scream, "Mommy, help me!"

The demonic vision disappeared as my mother came into my room to find that I had wet my bed and was crying. She calmed me down, changed my sheets and put me back to bed. But I couldn't sleep. The whole night I just sat up in my bed and stared across at the Teddy Bear. I could have sworn that the Teddy Bear was staring back at me.

The next day I overheard a conversation that my mother had with my father about Shotzy. She said that she didn't feel comfortable with Shotzy babysitting me. My father started to argue that V.P. might be upset if they rejected Shotzy's help. After all Shotzy was V.P.'s friend and he might feel offended if her free help in babysitting the children was rejected. This conversation upset me at this time, but I didn't really understand why I was upset.

Suddenly, for no reason that I could understand, I started screaming at the top of my lungs, over and over again, "The Germans won the war!"

I started to run around the house screaming this. I ran outside and screamed it at the neighbors. I ran back inside and went up and down the stairs screaming it over and over as loud as I could. I began to sing it as if it were a song. And as I sang it, I made the Nazi salute over and over.

My father said to my mother, "For God's sake, make him stop that."

My mother shushed me and had me sit down on the stairs. She sat next to me, and she put her arm around my shoulder. This was unusual because she rarely touched me, and the other people in my family rarely touched me. She spoke quietly as she tried to explain some things to me. She said that my father had fought in the war in Europe. She explained that he and his men were fighting against German soldiers. Some of my father's men had died in the war, killed by the Germans. My mother talked about being a nurse and taking care of wounded men who had come back from the war. So she explained that I was hurting the feelings of my father and her when I talked about the Germans winning the war because many people in America had made great sacrifices to defeat the Germans.

I felt bad. I said I was sorry and promised to never do it again. And I asked why they let Shotzy, who was a German, babysit for us.

My parents looked at each other as if they had just realized something. They quietly talked together for awhile. My father called up V.P. and said that they had been very grateful for Shotzy's help but they wanted her to not come by anymore.

After the phone call my father said that V.P. wasn't upset at all, and that it was agreed that Shotzy wouldn't babysit or come by anymore. But he also said that V.P. had asked that I spend the next weekend at his home, and my father had agreed.

That night as I laid in bed, just as I was falling asleep, I heard the Teddy Bear quietly say, "As soon as you fall asleep, I'm going to eat you up."

I woke up immediately. I sat up in my bed and stared at the Teddy Bear who seemed to be staring back at me. I was too afraid to lay back down. Every time I started to nod off, the Teddy Bear spoke quietly and threatened to eat me up. I didn't get any sleep that night. I became obsessed with the idea that the Teddy Bear was going to kill me and eat me.

The next morning I took the Teddy Bear downstairs and told my mother that I didn't want it anymore and that she should take it away. My mother explained that it was a gift from V.P. and that he would feel bad if I didn't keep it. She said that I was lucky that he had given me this gift and that I should be grateful. Then she fixed me breakfast, but I couldn't eat anything.

I was tired, but I was afraid to fall asleep. My mother went out of our house

to visit with our next-door neighbor for a while. She told me that I could watch the TV while she was gone. I turned on the TV, but it wasn't tuned to any station and the screen only showed a snow-like static. I watched the shifting black and white images on the screen – trying to stay awake. I don't know if I fell asleep and dreamed this or if it was a hallucination caused by stress and sleep deprivation. But for just a minute the static cleared up and I saw an image on the black and white TV screen. It looked like a short, silent movie of me in front of our fireplace burning the Teddy Bear.

I jumped up immediately. I picked up the Teddy Bear and went to the fireplace. I made a big pile of crumpled-up newspapers. I put the Teddy Bear on top of it. I found the matches and lit the newspaper.

In a trembling voice, the Teddy Bear said, "Please don't burn me. I came from a place of endless fire. I don't want to go back there. I was in pain all of the time. Just let me stay here in this body of the Teddy Bear. I promise to be quiet. Please don't do this."

I stood and watched as the Teddy Bear burnt. As it burnt away I felt less afraid of it. But the smoke wasn't going up the chimney. Instead it began to spread out, inside the house. An older sibling, seeing what I had done, ran over to get my mother. My mother ran back in a fury and adjusted the flue so that the smoke would go up the chimney. Then she opened the windows to air out the house. She told me that I was a bad boy. But she let the Teddy Bear burn into ashes. I remember that she commented that she couldn't understand why the burning Teddy Bear smelled of sulfur.

The next weekend when my parents delivered me to V.P.'s house, the family gossip-grapevine had reached V.P. with the news of how I had burnt up the Teddy Bear. He said that he had heard about what a naughty boy I had been, and that he hoped my parents had appropriately punished me. Actually they hadn't punished me at all. They were just stunned by what I had done and decided to just not even talk about it.

After my parents left, V.P. said that he wanted to take me to a friend's house. He drove us out into the country and then he pulled off onto some country dirt roads. He drove around, seemingly in circles, just to make sure that I was confused about where I was. Finally he drove up to a large house on a country estate. I had a very bad feeling. The estate had a large fence around it. The driveway that lead into the estate was blocked by a large

metal ornamental gate. The gate was secured with a lock and heavy chain. But V.P. had a key to the lock. He unlocked the gate, drove through, and locked it behind us. As we approached the mansion I could see how large it was. It was bigger than any house I had ever seen before. Although there were cars parked out in front of it, V.P. pulled around to the back.

After we got out of the car, he took me inside, directly into the basement. The basement was large, and it was painted black. Even the windows were painted black. There were no electric lights down there. The lights were some type of gas burners attached to the walls. Everything was illuminated with a dim yellowish light. In the center of the room was a design drawn in red paint. Within two concentric circles was an interwoven pentagram and a Star of David. In between the two circles were words written in an alphabet I didn't recognize. Near the circle was a painted triangle. Next to the triangle was a wooden box with padding inside; it was about the size of a child's coffin. Near that was a table which held a knife, a cup, a large silver pentagram and a small wooden wand.

V.P. took off his clothes, hung them up in a closet and put on a black silken robe with a hood. A freight elevator came down and opened up. A group of people, all in black robes, came out of it. Shotzy was one of them. She had a look of absolute hatred on her face.

She took a piece of chalk and drew a sigil in the center of the triangle. This sigil was a type of curly-cue symbol. Although I didn't understand this at the time, the idea is that a sigil is a symbol, sort of like a psychic phone number, that can be used to call forth a demon.

They all surrounded me. Someone handed a cup to V.P. and he made me drink it. The liquid in it tasted foul. Shotzy took off my clothes. Her and some others quickly put me in the box and shut it. I could hear the click of a lock. The box was padded so that I could hardly move. It smelt of urine, and I hadn't started to pee on myself – yet. I started to scream. I realized that I couldn't move and it terrified me. I heard the voice of Shotzy. She was taunting me.

She said in a cruel voice, "Hello, Kerth Barker. I put you in this box and I'm never going to let you out. You're going to die in there."

I screamed. I begged them to let me out. I said that I was sorry that had I

burnt up the Teddy Bear. I promised to be good. I told them I'd do anything they wanted. I prayed to God. It seemed like I was in there a long time. I could hear chanting which I couldn't understand. I was in pain because when one can't move one's body, the muscles begin to hurt. The pain and terror grew worse and worse. Finally I became hysterical and started to scream for my mommy, although she wasn't there.

“Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!”

Eventually I fell into a panicked silence. There was intense physical pain in my arms and legs from not being able to move them and from struggling against the padding in the box. My back hurt. I could still hear chanting. I was hyperventilating. My heart was pounding so hard that it hurt. I felt the warmth of the urine and feces I'd just vacated onto myself. The stench inside the box became worse. I vomited. Some of the vomit became stuck in my throat and I started to choke. I started coughing. Finally I passed out. I didn't black out. I passed out – right out of my body.

I can't be certain if it was an hallucination, a dream or an out-of-body experience. I found myself floating in the air above the box. I could see the people in the room. The room wasn't as dark anymore. It was as if every object in the room was illuminated with a faint light which radiated outward. My perception of reality had changed somehow.

I could see the people in the room. There were nine people in the room, but seven of them didn't look like people. They were overshadowed by living creatures which looked like dragons. It was as if translucent dragon bodies had taken possession of the human bodies. The ones who had been overshadowed were chanting something. The two men who weren't overshadowed had removed their hoods, and were looking at this whole scene and shaking their heads – as if with disapproval. The taller man was a dignified gray haired man, and the shorter one was younger.

There were other dark creatures in the room. They didn't look solid; their bodies were translucent. They looked like living shadows. There were two monstrous creatures which had many heads, eyes and tentacles. I felt terrified as I looked at them.

But at the four corners of the room there suddenly appeared four men who looked human. They were not solid – but rather ghost-like. They looked like

the holograms in Star Wars. They glowed with golden light. I felt that they were angels, but they had no wings. One had a shield and sword. They all carried medieval weapons of some kind. They seemed serene.

One of them calmly walked up to one of the creatures which had many heads and he stabbed it with a spear. It melted away in flames. The other creature and the seven dragon creatures who were overshadowing the people disappeared instantly after that. The two men who hadn't been overshadowed by the dragon creatures looked at one another frowning. But none of the people in the room seemed to be able to see the angels. An angel with a sword and shield looked directly at me. He made eye contact. I felt stunned by his intentional gaze. I'll never forget what he said. His quiet voice sounded like the rolling of distant thunder.

"This is very important," he said. "Don't be afraid."

I immediately stopped feeling afraid. I floated back down into the box and folded back into my body. I relaxed and started to breath normally.

I could hear Shotzy talking. She was talking in a ritualistic voice, filled with emotion.

"I am the High Witch Belinda. Daphnis, oh demon lord, I call unto you. I have named you *Merry Little Lamb*, but your true name is *Daphnis*. You are the lover of Pan. Flute player. Lover of men. Daphnis I invoke you. Possess the body of this boy. Make him your vessel. Come into this world. Come into this plane of being. I have created this door for you. Enter into this room. Be here with us now. Take possession of this boy."

I heard the lock on the box being opened. It seemed as if I had been in the box for a long time. My legs and arms hurt from not being able to move them. Shotzy helped me out of the box. She stood me up.

She looked me in the eyes and with strong intention she said, "Merry was a little lamb, his skin was white as snow. Everywhere that Merry went, the wind began to blow."

"What is your name?" she then asked.

I calmly replied, "Kerth."

Shotzy said, "Your name is Merry Little Lamb. You are Daphnis."

I felt no fear as I replied, “No, I’m Kerth.”

One of the two men who had taken off their hoods started to laugh out loud. He clapped his hands. He was the shorter, younger man.

Finally he said, “Gee Shotzy, you really weren’t the smartest Nazi in the Third Reich, were you.”

It wasn’t a question.

This younger man took off his black robe. He was naked underneath but seemed unashamed. He came over to where I was standing and knelt down in front of me so that we were face to face. He started to talk quietly to me.

“Hello,” he said. “You can call me Bob. I’m sorry that you got hurt and frightened by all this. This wasn’t my idea. This was a mistake. I want you to calm down. Everything will be alright.”

His taller companion was an older aristocratic looking man with gray hair. He started criticizing Shotzy and V.P.. Everyone took off their black robes and were standing around naked having a heated discussion. The tall man seemed to be in charge, and Shotzy seemed to be in trouble.

Finally the tall man said, “I want Bob to handle this. He’s in charge of the boy.”

Bob asked me if it was alright if he took my hand, and I let him. He walked me away across the basement to a door which had stairs which lead up to the next floor. Once there he lead me into a bathroom and filled up the tub with warm water.

“Does your mother ever give you baths?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“When she bathes you does she ever bathe you with another boy at the same time?”

“When we were smaller she did.”

“That’s good. Was that fun?”

“Yes, I guess.”

Bob turned off the water, climbed in the bath and sat down. He smiled with pleasure.

“Oh, that feels good, come on in and let’s clean you up,” he said.

I climbed in the tub and Bob gently cleaned me up with a soapy sponge. After a while I started crying. Bob hugged me as I sobbed. Then he took me by the hand and helped me out of the bath and dried us both off.

He took me by the hand and we walked naked out into the hallway. Bob seemed to feel perfectly natural walking around naked, and so I didn’t say anything. I still felt afraid, but I also felt that I could trust Bob. I felt as if he were like an older brother to me and that he would protect me. The mansion we were in was really luxurious. It had expensive carpets on the floor and beautiful paintings on the wall.

I felt totally drained of energy and emotion. My legs were wobbling as I walked. Bob said nothing, but held my hand and let me walk slowly. He lead me to a small sitting room. There was a sofa there and he had me lie down on it. He put a small pillow under my head and placed a comforter over me. My heart was still pounding so hard that it hurt. I fell asleep immediately.

As I slept I dreamt that I was floating above my body. I could see a flow of silver energy that came from my dream body at the level of my solar plexus. This flow of silver energy was like a cord and it went down into my physical body on the bed below. I could see the head of my sleeping body poking out from the comforter. I knew that it was my physical body, but I felt detached from it, as if it were an object, no more important to me than the vase that sat on the table next to the sofa. I noticed that the face on my physical body didn’t just look asleep. At that age I really knew nothing of death, but as I looked at my physical body below me, I somehow knew that it looked close to death.

Five angels came into the room. First came four men. They walked in through each corner of the room. They looked as before. They were translucent and they shone with golden light. They were wearing simple tunics and trousers. Their feet were sandaled. They each carried different medieval weapons of war. Their angelic weapons were an axe, a spear, a sword and a bow with a quiver of arrows. Then a woman came into the room floating down from the ceiling. She wore a long, flowing dress. On her head was a simple crown. She carried a small leafless tree branch in her hand. All five of them seemed very calm, and they looked beautiful and

dignified. Although they had no wings, I knew that they were angels.

I felt very strange floating in the air above my body. I knew I wasn't in my body anymore. I was like a balloon floating in the air above it. This silver cord was all that was keeping me from floating away. I wanted to return to my body, but I wasn't sure that I could. I began to feel afraid.

The female angel looked up at me. She made eye contact with me. I felt the warmth of her loving gaze.

She said, "Have courage my child. This is not your time. Know that we will be with you when you need us most."

Bob came into the room. He was dressed now. He was oblivious to the angels. He couldn't see me floating in the air above. He looked down at my body on the sofa. The female angel touched his chest at the heart level with her tree-branch wand. His body seemed to shimmer with light when she did this.

In a soft voice Bob said, "Oh my God, I hope that bitch Shotzy didn't kill you. We'll all be in so much trouble if you die."

He knelt down next to the sofa. He began to sing softly and sweetly.

"Rock a bye baby on the tree top. When the wind blows the cradle will rock. When the bough breaks the cradle will fall. And down will come baby, cradle and all."

At that exact moment I fell back down into my body. I woke up in my body and I could see Bob's face looking at me. At that point in time I could remember nothing of what I had just experienced. The whole abuse experience was blacked out of my memory. It was as if I had been riding in the car with V.P. one minute and then I suddenly woke up asleep on the sofa.

I said, "Who are you?"

Bob smiled with relief and said, "Oh! – Hi! – I guess we've just met. I'm Bob. I'm your new friend."

"Hi Bob. I'm tired. Can I go back to sleep?"

"That's a good idea Kerth. I'll talk to you later."

I went back to sleep. I don't know how long I slept. When I woke up a woman in a maid's uniform was sitting in another chair. She had my clothes folded neatly in her lap. She smiled sweetly at me.

"Let's get you dressed up, young sir. It's time for your lunch." she said.

She got me dressed. Then a knock could be heard on the door. Bob came in.

"Hi again. Remember me?" he asked.

"You're Bob."

"That's right, let's get you some food."

He took me by the hand and walked me down a maze of hallways through the large house. Finally we came to a spacious living room. It was tastefully decorated with expensive paintings and furniture. V.P. and Shotzy were sitting on a couch together and the tall dignified man was sitting close to them in a chair.

V.P. looked over at me and said, "Come on in and have a seat."

"Where are we?" I asked.

"What do you remember?" he counter-questioned.

"We were driving in your car and then I woke up from my nap."

"That's a common response," Shotzy said.

V.P. looked over at her, then looked back at me and said, "This is the home of my friend. We call him the Baron."

V.P. indicated with his hand a tall, dignified-looking man with gray hair.

The tall man smiled, nodded his head toward me and said, "Welcome to my humble home, young sir."

Still holding my hand, Bob had me sit down on a couch with him. I looked around at the large room.

"You live in a big house," I observed.

The Baron replied, "I find that it suits me."

And so they went on talking for a short while, making small talk until a butler and maid brought in some small folding tables which they placed in front of everyone seated. This was followed by some food on trays. Finally

they poured tea for everyone. This was all done in a very practiced manner and seemed ritualistic. The butler asked each person whether they wanted cream and sugar. When he finally came to me, I asked for cream and three teaspoons of sugar. This made everyone in the room laugh politely.

The Baron said to V.P., “Your little Kerth is quite the character.”

We ate figs and small cream cheese sandwiches. Also, there were slices of cheese and ham rolled up and held together with toothpicks. There were small sweet pickles. The dessert was thin mints which were wrapped in green foil paper.

After lunch we went into an alcove which had a TV set.

“What are we going to watch?” I asked.

“Well, perhaps we’ll watch you,” joked the Baron.

Shotzy sat down in front of me and put her hands on each one of my shoulders. She looked me in the eyes with a very intense expression on her face.

She said, “Merry was a little lamb whose skin was white as snow. Everywhere that Merry went the wind was sure to blow.”

Then she asked, “What is your name?”

I replied, “I’m Kerth. You know that. And you got the words wrong. It’s ‘Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow. Everywhere that Mary went her lamb was sure to go.’ I learned that in school.”

Shotzy looked furious. But Bob was laughing.

He said, “Oh Shotzy, you just don’t know when you’ve made a fool of yourself.”

V.P. went out into the hallway with Shotzy and they were arguing about something but I couldn’t hear the words. Meanwhile the Baron asked me if I’d like to watch something on television.

“Can we watch cowboys and indians?”

“Anything you’d like, young sir.”

The Baron was sitting on a big plushy chair. Bob picked me up and sat me

gently onto the Baron's lap. He then tuned the TV to a channel featuring a western movie. The Baron gently hugged me in his arms. This made me smile. The people in my family rarely touched me. And I always felt a hunger for affection. Bob sat next to me and the Baron. He gently put his hand on my knee. As I watched the western I made imaginary pistols with my hands – pointing my index fingers at the screen and making gunshot noises with my mouth.

Every time the cowboys shot their guns I went, “Bang! Bang! Bang!”

This made the Baron laugh with delight. And Bob laughed also. I was having fun. I felt happy. My body still felt stressed out, but at that time I could remember nothing of the torture I had been put through earlier that day.

V.P. and Shotzy came back in after a while. Bob turned off the TV and lifted me back to my feet.

Looking at the Baron I said, “That was fun.”

The Baron replied, “It was really fun for me also.”

He looked down at his lap. Beneath his trousers there was a bulge. I didn't understand this at that time, but he had an erection. Bob saw this also and understood what the bulge meant.

“I see that your toy soldier is standing at attention,” he said.

I looked around the room in confusion.

“I don't see any toy soldiers,” I said.

Everyone else laughed at this.

V.P. said, “We have to go now.”

Indicating his crotch with his eyes, the Baron said to Shotzy, “I'm going to need your services for a while.”

Bob took me by the hand and lead me out of the room with V.P.. Shotzy shut the door behind us. I could hear the click of a lock. We left the building and went out to where V.P. had his car parked. I sat between V.P. and Bob. V.P. drove away. Bob put his arm around my shoulder and it felt good.

One thing that made me vulnerable to Bob's manipulation was that I was

starved for physical affection. To withhold physical affection from a child is a form of abuse, and although I didn't realize it then, I had been abused by my family for most of my life. Sometimes people in my family did touch me in appropriate ways, but it was a very rare thing. Years later I would find some books on parenting given to my parents by Shotzy shortly after I was born. I read a section in one of these books which stated authoritatively that parents should touch children as little as possible and that children shouldn't be spoiled by being told that they are loved. Of course these ideas are insane and wrong-minded. Children need to be told that they are loved, also they need to be appropriately touched and hugged. But there actually was a philosophy of parenting that had first been promoted in Austria; this school of thought proposed that children grow up to be stronger if parents subject them to strict discipline while withholding affection.

My parents didn't completely buy into that philosophy. They rarely punished any child, but they seemed to deliberately withhold physical affection from me. Part of this was because my parents hadn't wanted to have another child. They were supporters of Planned Parenthood and birth control. Before I had been born, my father often lectured his friends on the importance of birth control. So when I was born I was both an inconvenience and an embarrassment for my parents. And this was known not just to my parents but to the entire family and the neighbors. So although none of the adults were cruel to me, all of them tended to be cold toward me. I also think that much of their cold attitude toward me was the result of Shotzy's toxic advice. She had convinced V.P. that I would grow up to be stronger if nobody babied me or showed affection to me. And V.P. criticized anyone in the family who showed me physical affection. So eventually, not touching me became the norm.

I certainly felt unwanted as a child. And this lack of affection from my family made me vulnerable to being manipulated by Bob. He became the one person in the world who gave me the physical affection I desired and needed. Also he always treated me as if I was important to him. This gave him the ability to influence me in profound ways.

When we returned to V.P.'s home that day after visiting the Baron, I found out that V.P.'s wife was out of town visiting friends. V.P.'s servants prepared supper for us and afterwards we watched television. Bob had me sit on V.P.'s lap and he held me. This was unusual because he rarely showed

affection to me or anyone else for that matter. Bob sat next to us with his hand on my knee. I felt sleepy and went in and out of a state of drowsiness. At some point I fell asleep and Bob carried me upstairs. As V.P. watched, Bob undressed me and help me put on my pajamas. Bob tucked me in and kissed me on the forehead.

He said, "Sleep tight and don't let the bed bugs bite."

I nodded off for a while but was awakened by a noise. The door was open into V.P.'s bedroom. I could see him in his pajamas and he was making a moaning noise.

"Oh, that's good," he said, "Keep doing that."

There was a sheet around V.P.'s waist and it was draped over someone kneeling on the floor in front of him. I could see Bob's shoes sticking out from the sheet. The room was dark, there was only a dim illumination from a night light. But I could see that movements of some kind were taking place under the sheets. I didn't understand this at the time, but Bob was performing fellatio for V.P.'s benefit. When V.P. stopped moaning, he lay back down on the bed. Bob pulled off the sheet, turned around and smiled at me. He wiped his mouth. He got up and threw something in a small trash can next to V.P.'s bed. Again, this is something I didn't understand at the time, but I'm certain that what he threw away was a used condom.

Bob came over to where I was. He knelt down and put his face up close to mine. He smiled in a friendly way. He spoke to me in a whispered voice.

"You're still awake," he observed.

"What were you doing?" I whispered back.

"Oh I was just looking for something under your grandpa's bed."

"What did you do to him?"

"Oh, I was just helping him fall asleep."

I could hear V.P. snoring now.

Bob said, "You should be a sleepyhead too."

"OK."

Bob kissed me on the forehead and left the room. I fell asleep. The next day

V.P.'s maid woke me up and after I dressed she gave me breakfast. Bob wasn't there. V.P.'s wife returned from her trip and seemed glad to see me. She asked me about the events of the day before. I told her about the big home that we visited and the man there called the Baron.

"Baron is a funny name," I said.

His wife looked at V.P. and said, "Oh I know who he's talking about. That's his nickname right?"

V.P. nodded his acknowledgement.

"He's a very important man. I hope you were a good boy," she said.

V.P. said, "Oh yes, he was a good boy. Our dear friend the Baron was very pleased to meet him."

"That's good," she said.

"I also met Bob," I said.

His wife looked over at V.P. and asked, "Who's Bob?"

V.P. laughed and replied, "Bob's little Kerth's imaginary friend."

I felt totally confused by this statement because I was absolutely certain that Bob was real.

V.P.'s wife said, "You have an imaginary friend, how silly. You're too old to have imaginary friends."

They laughed at me and I felt very weird. They sent me outside to play. I went out and sat under a tree. I felt very afraid. I didn't know why, but I felt terrible. My hands were shaking and my legs felt weak. I couldn't remember anything from the day before, it was suddenly as if my consciousness was erasing itself. I curled up in a fetal position and passed out.

I was awakened by V.P.'s gardener. He was a black man with a kindly face and voice. His rough hands were calloused from years of manual labor. I could feel the callouses on his hand as he gently rubbed my shoulder.

"Are you alright, Kerth?" he asked.

I got up and said, "I must of fallen asleep."

“I was worried about you when I saw you lying here. I guess you was just napping. I’m glad to see that you’re alright.”

He went back to work and I went back inside. V.P.’s wife drove me home. She came into the house with me. My mother and her sat together having tea. As they were chatting I took off my shoes and socks. I had just realized that my toes hurt. In fact my whole body was stressed from the torture of the day before, but it was my toes that I noticed. There were bruises on my toes that had turned black. Although at the time I couldn’t remember the torture, what had actually happened was that I had driven my toes hard up into the padding of the box while I had been screaming. The padding in the box had kept me from having other bruises, but my kicking must have been so hard that it bruised my toes. As I sat rubbing my toes I felt that something really bad had happened to me but I didn’t know what it was.

My mother saw the bruises and became concerned. V.P.’s wife said that I had been playing in the yard earlier that day jumping up and down. She said that my careless play must have been the reason why I had bruises. At the time I knew she was lying. But I didn’t say anything.

“You should be more careful when you play,” she said.

My mother examined my feet with nurse-like skill and concluded that I would be all right. She told me that she would give me a warm foot bath later.

I started to feel afraid and I couldn’t speak. I folded my arms over my chest and I hugged myself defensively.

My mother said, “What’s wrong?”

I looked at her and said nothing.

V.P.’s wife said, “He’s such a funny little boy. Do you know that he has an imaginary friend named Bob?”

My mother and her laughed about that.

“Oh and he sang a song for us this morning. Do you remember that song Kerthy?”

I looked at her saying nothing. I knew I hadn’t sung any song. But she was smiling sweetly.

She sang, “Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow. Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go. It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day.”

I heard a voice inside my head which said, “I am Merry Little Lamb, sing this song now.”

I began to sing the song and V.P.’s wife clapped and smiled with approval. But I kept on singing the song over and over. I went out into the back yard and kept singing the song over and over. When I stopped I heard a voice in my mind again.

It said, “I am Merry Little Lamb.”

I started to sing again. I kept on singing so that the voice couldn’t speak. I sang every other song I could remember. I made up songs with nonsensical lyrics. I ran in circles and I sang until my voice became raw. I felt that I was burning something out of me as I ran and sang. Finally I collapsed in exhaustion. But that voice of Merry Little Lamb never came back again. I knew that I had killed it.

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## **Bob**

The next weekend I was sent to stay at V.P.’s house again. Bob came over. V.P.’s wife greeted him warmly and he kissed her on the cheek. V.P. shook his hand and welcomed him inside. He brought Bob over to greet me.

“You remember Bob,” he said.

All of this seemed confusing to me because they had made such a point of leading me and my parents to believe that Bob was nothing but an imaginary friend. V.P. and his wife left the house to go somewhere for the weekend, and they left Bob to babysit me. My mother called a few times to see how I was doing, but one of V.P.’s servants answered the phone and covered up what was actually happening. The servants left us alone except to serve us our meals. So Bob had me to himself all weekend. We talked together, we played games together, we bathed together and we slept together. But he didn’t sexually molest me. However he did things that my family would never do with me. He listened to me. He hugged me. He told

me he loved me. He made me feel important. Although I didn't understand it at the time, he also began my Luciferian training. He didn't start out my training with the type of harsh, brutal techniques used by Shotzy. Instead he had me play games.

He had me look at the TV set and pretend to be different characters. He found a John Wayne movie. We watched it for a while observing how John Wayne walked and talked.

He had me say, "I'm John Wayne."

Then Bob had me walk and talk like John Wayne. He did this with several male characters on different TV shows. I thought that this was fun. And Bob was very supportive. He patted me on the back and periodically hugged me. When I went along with what he wanted, he would give me small pieces of candy.

He said, "You're such a talented and clever little boy. It's too bad that your own family doesn't appreciate how talented you are."

Then Bob had me mimic the behavior of female characters in the same way. At first I felt embarrassed about doing this and didn't want to go on with this. But Bob talked to me, convincing me that it would be fun. I mimicked various female characters, and Bob complemented me on my performance. He clapped his hands with delight and told me how clever I was.

Then Bob talked to me about the importance of secrecy. He reminded me of a game that V.P. had once played with me. This was the game of the hidden cookie jar. When I was younger, V.P. had played this game with me in which he told me about a hidden cookie jar. As long as I told nobody else about where the jar was hidden, there would always be my favorite cookies in it. But if I talked about the jar to anyone – my siblings, my parents or the servants – it would be taken away. So I didn't tell anyone, and it always had cookies in it when I wanted them. Bob explained that this game was a test. All of the other children he tested had failed. They had all told somebody else about the jar. And V.P. had found out. So the secret cookie jar had been taken away from them. But I hadn't told anyone. Which meant that I could be trusted to keep secrets. And Bob explained that the ability to keep secrets was very important. He felt that the fact that I had the ability to keep secrets made me much smarter than any of the other children in the family.

He encouraged me to keep his friendship with me a secret. He said that if I

forgot to keep this secret and accidentally let it slip, that was OK because my parents had been told that I had an imaginary friend named Bob, so they would just think that I was talking about an imaginary friend. But that this secrecy would be the goal in a game that we played. We would keep my friendship with Bob as a secret from my parents and everyone else except for V.P. and his servants. Bob would be my “special secret friend”.

Bob knew things about my life. He knew how other boys bullied me and that my parents did little to protect me from this. He knew that my family considered me to be a nuisance and often ignored me. Bob knew that when my father had too much to drink, he would openly tell people that I had been an accident and that it would have been more convenient for my parents if I hadn't been born at all. I had often heard my father say this about me. He often said this about me to other people in my presence and he said this to me directly whenever I got into trouble. And it always made me feel bad when he said those things. He was never physically abusive to me at all, but sometimes he was very emotionally abusive. But Bob was sensitive to my emotions.

Bob spoke to my family problems often when he was alone with me, and in doing so he drew a wedge between me and my family. He repeatedly made it clear that if I wanted his friendship, it had to be kept secret from my family. In many ways I valued his friendship, so I learned to keep our friendship secret.

My relationship to Bob was bizarre. He never himself sexually molested me and in some ways he became my protector. As V.P. became more sexually aggressive with me, I once threatened to tell my parents what he was doing to me. Shotzy was in his house at that time. Hearing this threat, she and V.P. wrapped me up in a sheet. They had filled up the bathtub with water. And to punish me for threatening to tell on V.P., they held me up and dunked my head in the water to simulate drowning. This was like an awkward form of water-boarding. But Bob intervened. An argument between him and Shotzy took place. Bob called the Baron on the telephone. The Baron took sides with Bob, and he told V.P. that Bob, not Shotzy, should be my controller. And by that time I had come to hate Shotzy, so I saw Bob as someone who could protect me from her.

However when I became older I realized that the dynamics between Bob

and Shotzy were like the “good cop, bad cop” routine. During police interrogations one interrogator is friendly and the other one is mean. But they’re really working together to get information from the suspect by using both the carrot and the whip. It’s like driving a mule. You use a carrot to entice him forward, then the whip to drive him forward. Only in my case it was the bad Satanist, good Satanist routine. The Baron wanted me to become a child prostitute and to grow up to be a Satanist. I cooperated with Bob in part because of the threat of Shotzy if I didn’t cooperate.

Bob didn’t want to program me to robotically accept Satanism. He preferred to use other techniques rather than trauma-based mind control. He wanted to seduce me into accepting Luciferianism. His seduction was not sexual. He wasn’t himself a pedophile, but he had been coerced into pedophilia as a child. From his point of view, pedophiliac training was normal. He believed that his own experience of being a child prostitute had empowered his life. He believed that learning to sexually service powerful adult men was a path to power. From Bob’s insane point of view, he was not exploiting me by training me to be a child prostitute. He rationalized all this in his own mind by telling himself that he was teaching me a useful ability.

He used a combination of techniques to get my cooperation: hypnotism, persuasion, emotional manipulation, threats, reasoning and bribery. If I did as he wanted, I was rewarded; if I failed to obey, I was punished in some way. But his punishments weren’t the harsh tortures of Shotzy. He knew how to manipulate my emotions and make me feel bad when I wasn’t cooperative. He made me feel that he loved me, and in truth the members of my family typically did treat me with indifference. So he used my feelings of emotional dependence on him to manipulate me. As a child I didn’t understand this, but when I became older I came to realize how calculating this manipulation was.

When I was born, my parents had felt financially and emotionally overwhelmed. They had been able to just barely get by before I was born, and they felt that I was one child too many. And my talkative father let my siblings and everyone else know this. But when I was born, V.P. saw me as a possible asset. I had certain bloodlines that interested powerful Luciferian aristocrats. And there was an astrological significance to my conception and birth.

V.P. had an easy time talking my parents into letting me visit with him. So he had access to me. V.P. had wanted his mistress Shotzy to be my trainer. But he had been ordered by the Baron to let Bob become my trainer. So I was vulnerable to Bob. At first I liked him, but I didn't feel comfortable when he would put me into hypnosis. Yet accepting the hypnosis seemed to be the price for his friendship. And V.P. insisted that I do whatever Bob told me to do. My parents, as well as everyone else in the family, saw V.P. as the ultimate authority. My parents didn't know that I was being abused, but they always insisted that I should obey V.P.. In all honesty, I never felt that I had a choice in any of this.

When I was under hypnosis, Bob created a character for me to play. When I was small, adults often called me *Kerthy*, which I didn't like, but they did it anyway. Bob created a character who he called *Kathy*, which sounded similar to Kerthy. He would put me into a hypnotic state and then he trained me to act and dress like a little girl named Kathy. The hypnosis made me cooperative, but my real personality was never completely submerged. Initially I found this training very shaming, and even under hypnosis I would only do this for short periods of time. But Bob was very seductive. Once he had access to me on a regular basis through V.P., he slowly wore down my resistance. When I became older, I would eventually realize that he was training me in much the same way that he had been trained as a child.

Bob had tailored dresses made to fit me, so that he could dress me up in outfits with girls' slippers and wigs. Every time that I dressed up as Kathy and acted like her, Bob would reward me with candy and positive attention. He would also dress up in women's clothing and call himself Roberta. He was my role model. He would coach me as to how I should walk, gesture and speak. When I got better at this, he took photos of me dressed as a little girl. Then he would take photos of me nude with only the wig and shoes on. He took movies of me walking around and talking like a girl in various states of dress and undress. But Bob was careful to never show any of these photos or movies to me.

V.P.'s servants were very loyal to him and went along with all this. So when I was dressed up like a girl, they called me Kathy, although they knew who I really was. Bob even started to take me out to public places in the dress and character of Kathy.



On one of these outings I saw a child I knew at school and panicked. This shocked me out of the trance state. That child didn't notice me, but I felt terrified that he would recognize me and tell the other children at school that he had seen me dressed up like a girl. Bob took me back to V.P.'s house. He kept calling me Kathy all the while as we drove back. But this made me feel shocked and confused. Once at the house I freaked out. I tore the girls' clothing off of me and started yelling at Bob. I didn't understand why I was dressed up like a little girl. I told him that I was done with him and that I didn't want to see him anymore. I threatened to tell my parents about what he was doing. Bob remained calm and said that I was free to go home and talk to my parents but that he had something which he had to show me first. So he took me to a room and showed me the photos of me dressed up as Kathy. He said that he thought I looked beautiful as Kathy. He said that other men who had seen these photos had also thought that I looked beautiful as Kathy. He explained that these photos sold for large amounts of money to men who were wealthy and powerful. He explained that he and his friends saw the beauty of these photos and respected my talent in modeling for them. But he also explained that other people would not see my talent and beauty if they looked at the photos. He asked how I would feel if my parents and siblings saw the photos. I began to cry slowly. In a broken voice I admitted that I didn't want them to see the photos. Bob carefully explained that the only way that I could be sure that they would never see the photos was if I continued to see him. And Bob made it very clear that I must never threaten to tell my parents on him again. I knew from that point on, that Bob had power over me and that I couldn't tell on him. I let Bob put me into a trance state and he made suggestions that I would forget this incident.

There are some other reasons why I kept secret those things that the Satanists wanted me to. Eventually I didn't need to be put into a trance state to become Kathy. I learned how to consciously shift into the Kathy role. But even by then, I was already keeping Bob's secrets. This is because there was always the threat of violence to myself and my family. And there were financial rewards for my family if I did as I was told. Several times a year I witnessed Satanic rituals in which animals were sacrificed. This was a powerful reminder that these people were capable of violence. So during those years when I was subjected to this type of abuse, my behavior was controlled both with the promise of reward and the threat of punishment.

At first, Bob used hypnosis to make it easier to maintain a separation between Kathy and Kerth. Before I would fully go into the Kathy character, Bob would use hypnosis in which suggestions were made that Kerth would fall asleep. As Kerth fell asleep, Kathy would wake up. Then, when it was time to become Kerth again, Bob would use hypnotic suggestions to put Kathy to sleep and to wake up Kerth.

Bob had a relationship with both Kathy and Kerth. This made it easier for me to not think about the abuse when I was with my family or at school, so it made it easier to keep the sexual abuse a secret. The hypnosis wasn't quite the same as what happens to people with MK Ultra mind control. For one thing I was consenting to be hypnotized. I didn't really resist it because I liked Bob and he wanted me to do it. I would fall asleep as Kerth and I would wake up hours later not remembering what had been going on. It was Kathy who attended Satanic rituals and chantings, and it was Kathy who would eventually be trained to sexually service adult men – and sometimes women.

At first the Kathy personality simply dressed up like a girl and acted feminine. But eventually Bob began to train me to act out sexually while I was pretending to be Kathy. In a sense this made it easier for me to accept the sexual abuse because it was happening to Kathy – not to me. Bob wouldn't sexually touch me himself, but he would do things like perform fellatio for V.P. and have me watch. Bob sometimes dressed in women's clothing and during those times he was called *Bobby* or *Roberta*. While in his role of Bobby, he became the sexual role model for Kathy. Eventually, as Kathy, I learned to act out sexually by mimicking whatever Bobby did.

Bob and the other Satanists were obsessed with their genitals in a way that went beyond sexual pleasure. They considered that cunnilingus was a prayer to Lucifer for wisdom and that fellatio was a prayer to Satan for power. The phallus symbol is found in ancient Egypt represented by the obelisk and many other works of art and architecture. Obelisks are found throughout the world in places of power – Vatican City, Washington DC, the financial district of London and many other locations. The Satanists believed that the obelisk is a phallic symbol representing the power of Satan. Bob believed that he was teaching me a religious ritual by training me to perform oral sex. He trained me, as Kathy, to perform oral sex as if I were praying to Satan or Lucifer. He conditioned me to believe that every

time I serviced adult men and women, I was receiving spiritual blessings. But most of my sex work was for adult men, and even as Kathy I knew that there was nothing spiritual about any of it. As my Kathy personality developed, a great divide began to form in my psyche.

There were some ways in which my dual life as Kerth and Kathy was similar to experiences of true multiple personalities. When I became older and healed from therapy, I knew some persons with multiple personalities who had been in therapy also. We talked sometimes about where the personalities came from. One theory was that the alter personalities were demons. So this was really a form of demonic possession. Another theory was that the alter personalities were personalities from previous incarnations. Both theories could be true – one theory does not necessarily exclude the other. Sometimes it might be demonic possession, and sometimes it might be a personality from a past life intruding into this incarnation because of the abuse. And there are other theories as well. I mention this because later in life I began to suspect that the hypnosis brought out some hidden aspect of my personality. As Kathy, I was smarter than when I was Kerth. Bob told me once that, when I was Kathy, I was more mature and worldly. I don't know for certain where the Kathy personality came from. But as a child, when I acted out as Kathy, it felt like I was tapping into a part of myself that I normally ignored.

When I was in Kathy mode, Bob sometimes motivated me by sharing the fact that my father's business was being propped up with help from wealthy Satanists. My father knew nothing about this, but business opportunities came his way because he was covertly being given help by V.P. and Bob. There were many wealthy Luciferians who owed favors to V.P. and sometimes he had them pay off those favors by giving business opportunities my father. Sometimes, V.P. rewarded those men for helping my father's business by having Bob arrange for me to sexually service them.

Sometimes, my father would have cocktail parties in our home, and wealthy clients of his would come by for drinks. Some of them were men who I had, in other circumstances, sexually serviced. As Kerth I didn't remember the sexual abuse, but sometimes when certain men were in our home, I felt very odd about being around them. I never sexually serviced anyone in my parents' home, and my life there was mostly normal. But sometimes,

Luciferian friends of V.P. came by my parents' house for social visits. Of course, my father didn't know that they were Luciferians. My father would parade me around for the guests to meet, and some of the men who knew me as Kathy would look at me with lewd smiles on their faces.

My father and mother never understood what was going on. In retrospect I think that if my father had known what was going on with the abuse he probably would have killed those men with his bare hands. But my nuclear family was clueless. And their cluelessness ultimately made me feel contempt for them, which made it easier for me to keep secrets from them. However, I am much older now and I have come to realize that many people in our world simply do not want to know about things that are too frightening. They want to live in an illusion of safety rather than to live in a real world where there are sinister forces in positions of power. This inability to confront evil is a common type of denial. So I have come to realize that my parents were no different than many people. I have come to believe that the world is in peril not because of the people who do evil, but because of the good people who refuse to confront the existence of evil.

Also there was an incident with another boy whom V.P. had been abusing. I'm going to call that boy Sam. By the time Sam came into the picture, in my personality as Kathy, I had become skillful at servicing V.P.. As Kathy, I had learned that if I used oral and manual sex to service him, he wouldn't anally rape me – which was overwhelmingly painful. Bob had trained me to service V.P. with techniques that caused as little physical pain to myself as possible. I saw all this sex work as a secret chore I had to perform from time to time. I stopped thinking of V.P. as being human. I thought of him as being some type of dangerous animal I had to deal with. I thought of his penis as being like a machine that would respond appropriately if I manipulated it in certain ways. I felt this way about all the men I serviced. I couldn't really understand why they were obsessed with my pee pee. There was nothing loving about the way I serviced them. And there was nothing loving about the way they treated me. Even as Kathy, the sex scared me and I wanted it over as soon as possible. It was a just a grotesque game I had to play, and in my role as Kathy I was emotionally disconnected from the sex act itself. It was all just acting, like the people on TV. I acted happy and smiled, but I felt bad inside. But Sam, this other little boy who V.P. was molesting, had not been conditioned and trained the way I had been.

Bob once told me the story of what really happened with Sam. His parents had borrowed a large amount of money from V.P. and were indebted to him. When he showed an interest in their son, and wanted to spend time with him, they agreed. They allowed Sam to spend afternoons at V.P.'s house, and sometimes they even let him spend the night there. At first they knew nothing about the sexual abuse, and they weren't Satanists. V.P. had been careful to not outright rape Sam. He had played games with him. He would accidentally knock soda onto Sam. Then he would have his servants take Sam's clothes to be washed and fix a bath for him. Then, while Sam was in the bath, V.P. would come into the bathroom to use the toilet. He would sit on the toilet and talk with the boy as he bathed. He'd get Sam out of the bath, dry him off and have him walk around nude until the clothes were ready. He'd bribe Sam with gifts and candy. Sometimes he'd give Sam money. V.P. was very manipulative. Sometimes he'd get Sam to be nude with him under such pretexts and sometimes he'd subtly fondle the young boy during naps and such. But apparently there was not overt sex going on, and what V.P. really wanted was to be serviced by Sam in the way I had been trained to do.

According to Bob, as V.P. became more sexually aggressive, Sam began to freak out a little. Sam knew that his family depended upon money that had been loaned to them by V.P., but Sam began to feel wrong about what was happening. One day when Sam was at school he drew a picture of a penis on the page of one of his notebooks. A teacher saw this and called his parents. That night they questioned Sam and figured out what was happening.

They went to V.P.'s home and confronted him. They also threatened to go to the authorities and create a scandal if V.P. didn't forgive their debt and give them even more money. That night, Sam's parents made a very serious mistake by threatening V.P.. They had figured out that V.P. was sexually abusing their son, but what they didn't realize is that they were dealing with a violent, criminal Satanist.

That night, after Sam's parents went home and went to bed, V.P. sent his enforcers over to their home. As they slept in their beds, the enforcers quietly broke into the house and chloroformed everyone as they slept. The enforcers put Sam in the back yard, unconscious, in his pajamas. They put a pack of matches in the pocket of the boy's pajamas. V.P.'s enforcers left the

parents unconscious in their beds, and set the house on fire. This was all done in a very professional way. The house burnt quickly to the ground with the parents still inside. V.P. knew how to influence the local authorities. Sam was blamed for having set the fire. He was put in a mental hospital which was being administrated by a member of a Luciferian secret society. The psychiatrists fully cooperated with what V.P. wanted and did nothing to help Sam. Any declaration Sam made, that he hadn't set the fire, was ignored. Instead of helping him deal with his feelings about being abused and losing his parents, he was drugged and electroshocked. Eventually, even he believed that he had set that fire.

V.P. possessed legal documents which showed that Sam's parents owed him a great deal of money. At the time of the loan, to make sure that the debt could be paid back even if they accidentally died, V.P. had insisted that they take out life insurance. V.P. got all the money they owed him back from their estate. So he wound up making a profit from all this. But Sam was orphaned, his mind ruined, and he was left with the belief that he had killed his own parents.

I had been told the fake cover story about this incident shortly after it happened. Even my siblings and other relatives talked about how, "that stupid child Sam had accidentally killed his parents by playing with matches." Anytime a child in our family got caught playing with matches, the adults would retell the story about how Sam killed his parents by playing with matches. At first I didn't know what had really happened. Like everyone else, I only heard the cover story which blamed Sam for everything. Although I had met Sam a few times, I had only met him as Kerth and not as Kathy, so I didn't know that V.P. was molesting him. But eventually Bob told me the truth. So unlike my clueless family, I came to know what had really happened. But at the time that Sam's parents were killed, I didn't really understand that it was murder by Satanists and not just an accident.

I had two separate lifestyles that I could recall with ordinary memory, and Bob helped me to keep them separate in my mind. There was my life with my family and there was my relationship with Bob. I knew that I had to keep my friendship with Bob secret. Whenever I would first see Bob at V.P.'s home, there was a game we would play. He would have me spin around in circles to make me dizzy. Then we would shake hands with our

left hands instead of our right hands. Then Bob would have me say a secrecy oath.

He would say, “Who am I?”

I’d reply, “You’re my imaginary friend Bob.”

Then he’d say, “None of this is happening, none of this is real.”

Then we’d laugh, because even as Kerth I knew that our friendship was, in fact, real. Then when we’d part company at the end of the day Bob would remind me that we were special secret friends and that special secret friends keep each other’s special secrets. And I would promise not to tell.

When I was back with my family, I was a child who was clearly unwanted, and was told to be quiet when he spoke. There were a number of times when I was out with my family when my parents completely forgot I existed. One time they left me at a gas station and it took them an hour to realize I wasn’t in the car. The gas station attendant, seeing that my parents weren’t going to come back on their own, called the police in the next town on that road. The police identified my parent’s car and pulled them over. My parents then came back to the gas station and were angry at me for embarrassing them. Several times when visiting friends they drove off without me and had to come back when they finally realized that I wasn’t in the car. This sort of thing happened frequently with my family.

But when I was with Bob, I was the focus of his attention. I was important. He listened to me and made me feel loved. I knew that the price I had to pay to have this relationship was that I had to keep it a secret. But there were a lot of things about my relationship with him that felt wrong to me. There were long periods of missing time when I had been under hypnosis. And when I would come out of hypnosis, I often felt bad but didn’t know why. Sometimes, when I came out of hypnosis, my anus hurt. But the emotional void that my family had created in me made me vulnerable to Bob. So that even at a young age, I was resolute about keeping our relationship a secret.

But even with Bob, I was two persons. In one relationship with Bob I was Kerth and I acted the same as other boys. In the other relationship, I was Kathy, whom Bob trained to attend Satanic rituals and to sexually service men. Even when I was in the personality of Kathy, I knew that I was a boy

who acted like a girl and that I wasn't really a girl. I knew that I was a little boy and that pretending to be a girl was just a game. I make this distinction because I believe that the Kathy personality was not entirely separate from the Kerth personality. There was some awareness that came through in dreams and waking flashbacks. I point this out because I know that the victims of trauma-based mind control, like Monarch Mind Control, have actual multiple personalities and their alter personalities have no awareness of one another. Yet for quite some time, the two personalities of Kerth and Kathy were kept functionally separate, through hypnosis.

As Kathy, Bob would dress me up in girls' clothes and put make-up on my face. Then I would look in a mirror and feel that I was Kathy. I would talk and act like the women I had seen on TV. And I would sometimes service men using the techniques that Bob had trained me to use. I would talk and behave in ways that made them aroused. When a penis became hard enough, I put a condom on it. I carefully held the head of that penis in my mouth, and used my hands to masturbate the shaft of the penis. After the penis ejaculated, I threw the condom away. Bob had trained me to do this the way a dog trainer trains a dog – with punishment and reward. I didn't like doing this. The whole routine made me feel sick and I always felt bad afterwards. I would usually become physically ill in some way during the days immediately after the abuse. But as Kathy, there were things about it that in some ways interested me. The men I serviced were wealthy, powerful men. But when I serviced them, I made them act silly and seemed to have power over them. When I was Kathy, I felt stronger and more confident than when I was Kerth.

I can't pretend that the hypnotic separation of these two personality modes made my life as Kerth happy and normal. The more times I was abused while in Kathy mode, the more it messed with my mind – and the more conflicted and confused I felt. This inner conflict created problems in my normal, everyday life. I was mostly an unhappy child. I found it difficult to make friends at school. I often got into trouble. I drew strange pictures of animals being killed. When my mother found them she would always get angry with me and tell me to stop drawing pictures like that. But it's also true that Bob was very emotionally supportive of me and tried to make me feel proud of my secret friendship with him.

Most of the times I met with Bob had nothing to do with sex work or



Satanism. He acted as a tutor who helped me with homework. He had me read books, and helped me to understand them. I could talk with him about what went on with school and my family. But with my real family, I had no voice. As Kerth, when I was with Bob, I had a voice.

However, as Kathy, I was actively abused in one way or another from early childhood until I was about fourteen. The frequency of sexual abuse varied. And the nature of the abuse changed over time as well. When I was younger, I was programmed like a puppet. I had no conscious control. Some things happened so that as I became older I began to have some conscious control over my behavior, but I didn't ever have a choice. If I had been able to say, "No" to the abuse, I would have. But Bob was not completely insensitive. He understood how much abuse I could take without losing my mind. I would say that once Bob had trained me in the way that he wanted to, he used me to sexually service men probably no more than twice a month, on average. But I saw Bob more often than that. Bob rarely evoked the Kathy personality. Most of the time when I met Bob we'd take walks together, play card games or have lunch at the private club he went to. Most of the time I was glad to see Bob. He talked to me in ways that nobody in my family did. Bob made me feel that I was an important person. But part of me always knew that having him as a friend was really not a good thing.

Satanism is a business model. The perverse sex that Satanists indulge in is a part of that business model. It serves several purposes. It is used to blackmail men. It is used to seduce men into a lifestyle where their every sexual desire will be indulged. It separates Satanists from the culture and values of mainstream society. Once a Satanist rejects societal values such as not stealing, not lying and not killing – he can act out more effectively as a criminal. This makes it easier for the well-organized Satanists to exploit and manipulate ordinary people. But the pedophilic sex is also a way of training boys to become high-ranking Satanists when they grow up. The more times I was forced into having sex, the more sociopathic I became in how I related to people. This was true whether I was being Kerth or Kathy. I began to see people more and more as objects to be manipulated rather than as people for whom I felt empathy.

Over time, I began to identify with Bob and started to see him as a role model. Bob believed that the world was made up of two societies. There was Christian society which was made up of clueless sheep who did as they

were told by the authority figures in the Church and government. And there was the Society of Lucifer, which was made up of the elite people who actually ran things. In his worldview, the uninitiated persons who knew nothing of the Luciferian secret societies were really just human cattle, and the initiated members of the Luciferian secret societies were the secret controllers of these human cattle. As I spent time with Bob, he was slowly teaching me this Luciferian worldview.

I wasn't an initiated Luciferian, but as Kathy I had relationships with initiated Luciferians. It wasn't just that I occasionally serviced adult men, I sometimes had normal social interactions with other Luciferian men and women who were members of what Bob called *the Society of Lucifer*. I met these people as Kathy, always dressed up in girls' clothing. Bob felt that he could better control my memory separation that way. So, as Kathy I didn't just have sex with men, I sometimes attended Satanic rituals and I sometimes socialized with Luciferian friends of Bob. Although he knew that as Kerth, I had agreed to keep my friendship with him secret, he also felt he needed to have more control over my memory when I was engaging in certain other activities. He always hypnotized me into the Kathy role when I was doing things such as sexually servicing men, attending rituals or socializing with Luciferians. So the hypnosis that turned me into the Kathy personality was a way of controlling my memories.

You may have been told that people can't be hypnotized into doing something that goes against their personal values, but this is untrue – especially for children who have no clear sense of what their values are. The values of children can be more easily manipulated. The values of my mother and father came to mean less to me than the values of Bob and the Baron.

When I was at home with my family in my Kerth personality, I could remember that Bob was my secret friend, but I couldn't remember any of the things that happened when I was in my Kathy personality. If all of this sounds confusing, you can imagine how conflicted and distressed that I felt as a child. This double life didn't really protect me emotionally. Whether I was Kerth or Kathy, I felt bad much of the time. I always knew that something was wrong, but I didn't know exactly what.

Bob was grooming me to grow up to become a member of a secret Luciferian society – to someday be initiated just as he had been. Bob wasn't

his real name, it was derived from Beelzebub, which was another name for the devil. This was the name he had taken at his first initiation. So Beelzebub was shortened to Bub, which evolved into Bob, which had become his nickname. And when he was in sexy drag outfits he was called Bobby. But sometimes he dressed conservatively as a female persona and called himself Roberta. But he didn't really have three personalities. Bob, Bobby and Roberta all shared the same memories and body. Bobby was just his drag-queen, sex-worker name. Roberta was his female impersonation name. Bob was his butch persona. But really he was a Luciferian 24 hours a day and 7 days a week. He had three different personas, but none of them were real. He always hid his real personality from everyone. If things had gone on the way they were going, I might have become something like him. But a number of things happened which altered how I related to Bob and how I felt about Luciferianism.

One thing is that the authority which V.P. had over me and my parents lessened over time. As he became older he became increasingly alcoholic and his health diminished. And there was an incident that changed a lot of things.

One afternoon while visiting V.P.'s house, Bob put me into the trance state where I would become Kathy. He made up my face with make-up and dressed me in drag, then he left me with V.P. while he went to have lunch with a friend. V.P. brought me into his bedroom to have me service him. He was drunk. I was attempting to service him but he was unable to get an erection. This, of course, wasn't really my fault, I was doing everything that Bob had trained me to do. But it just wasn't going to happen, even when he tried masturbating himself, and he almost never masturbated himself. He always expected someone else to do that for him. But this time I just couldn't get his little toy soldier to stand at attention. So V.P. blamed this on me and started whipping me with a belt. This violated one of Bob's rules that all the men who I serviced had to obey, which was that I was never to be bruised. It was a vicious whipping and I screamed in pain.

Apparently all the servants and V.P.'s wife gathered at the bottom of the stairs, afraid to go up to the bedroom. But finally the gardener came up and stopped this by letting V.P. take his anger out on him until the old man became exhausted. My dress was torn up and my make-up was smeared from crying. A female servant cleaned me up and dressed me in my boys'

clothing. She brought me downstairs. The gardener finally came downstairs, his face bloody from the beating that V.P. had given him because he had protected me. The other servants looked at him with a combination of respect for his courage and shame for their own cowardice. I don't think that any of his servants had ever stood up to V.P. in any way at all before.

This beating brought me suddenly out of the trance state and it violated the psychological wall between my normal personality and the Kathy personality. I felt very confused because I was in intense pain and although I knew I was Kerth – for a minute I also knew that I was Kathy.

V.P.'s wife immediately began the cover story. The first thing she said to me was, "Why you foolish little boy, look what you did to yourself when you tripped and fell down the stairs. Oh I see what happened, your shoelace was untied and you must have tripped on it."

She then knelt before me and untied my shoelace. She then made me tie my shoelace up and she started talking about the whole incident as if it had just been an accident. She called my mother on the phone and explained that there had been an accident and that I had fallen down the stairs. After the phone call, she went over the story again and again until I repeated it back to her as if it were true. She then had one of the servants drive me home. Bob wasn't there, and V.P.'s wife didn't even think about the necessity of having me fully brought out of the trance state. She cooperated with V.P. and Bob, but she never seemed to fully understand the mind control processes. She was really just another one of the servants in V.P.'s household. She was like the main servant; V.P. was the only master.

The servant who drove me home that day was a dignified black woman who dressed well and had graying hair. For a long time we didn't speak at all. Finally she pulled over to the curb and talked to me.

She said, "I know you didn't fall down the stairs, but that you've got to tell your parents that you did. What I want you to know is that V.P. used to be a good Christian man. We grew up together in Georgia and his family was good to my family. When him and his wife left Georgia they took me with them and I was glad to go. In them days Georgia was a no good place for colored folks to be. And they was good to me, always. But one day in New York City, the devil got ahold of V.P.. He got a demon in him. And over the years that demon has got stronger while he's gotten weaker. It wasn't really him who beat you – it was that demon. It isn't really him who makes you do

those wrong things – it's that demon. I've prayed for his soul. And I've prayed that no demon get ahold of you. If you pray to Jesus, I know he'll save you from all this. I'm sorry I can't do more."

It was the longest statement that any of V.P.'s servants had ever said to me. And she said it with complete sincerity. I knew that it had taken great courage on her part to talk to me that way. And I knew that every word that she said that day was true.

When I got home I told the cover story of how I had fallen down the stairs by accident. My siblings laughed and called me clumsy. But my mother had me strip down to my underwear in the bathroom and she was shocked by the extent of my bruises. She had me lie down in bed for fear that I might have a mild concussion.

The next day was a school day and I went to class. But my body was in shock still from the pain. I felt very confused. As I sat at my desk I had a strange experience. I suddenly realized that I could remember everything. I knew that I was Kerth but all of my memories of the things that I had done as Kathy flooded back. I knew that I was Kerth, but I suddenly also knew that sometimes I was Kathy who dressed and acted like a girl. I accidentally wet my pants as I sat there. When they saw what had happened, the other students laughed at me, and the teacher told me that I was too old for such nonsense. She made me go to the janitor closet to get a bucket of water and some rags. She made me clean up the mess while the other children laughed at me and made jokes at my expense.

Then the teacher sent me to the school nurse, who we children called *Nurse Margie*. It turned out that Nurse Margie was one of the Luciferians who lived in my neighborhood. As Kathy, when I had been with Bob, I had been in her house and had lunch with her and the woman she lived with. As Kathy we had met a number of times and were friends. I remembered that when she was off duty from school and at her home she usually wore men's clothing. I knew her secret Luciferian name was *Freddy*. Actually I had spent quite a bit of time in her home socializing with her and other adult Luciferians. This had nothing to do with sex work or blood rituals. And I liked her because she was always nice to me. However as Kerth I didn't remember any of this. When we were at school, Nurse Margie never acknowledged our friendship. Only Luciferians called her Freddy, while the human cattle called her Margie. But when I saw her in the nurse's office, I

called her Freddy instead of her nurse's name. I could see the surprise on her face.

"Kathy, what are you doing here?" she said.

But she immediately went back to her role as a nurse. She had me strip down to my underwear and socks and sit on the table. She gasped when she saw the extent of my bruising. She immediately called V.P.'s wife on the phone. I could only hear one side of the conversation.

Freddy said, "I've seen Kerth. He's bruised from top to bottom. (pause) He's told everyone your story that he fell down the stairs. He's smart about things like that. Don't worry about that. (pause) It's worse than you know. (pause) Don't worry about that, there won't be a scandal. I'll make sure this just stays in the family. I'm not even filing a report. I don't think you understand the problem. I have to tell Bob. The Baron won't like this. Kerth is more important than you think. He has certain bloodlines. (pause) I know all about your bloodlines... you've told me a hundred times. But his mother's bloodlines are even more important. That's why the Committee had his parents brought together. Do you even understand the astrological significance of his conception date and his birthdate? (pause) This can't happen again. (pause) Bob is going to be upset. I'm just warning you. (long pause) You stupid bitch, don't ever threaten me again. Tell your demented husband if he ever harms Kerth again both you and he are dead."

Freddy slammed down the phone. She said that she just wanted to look me over again and had me stand in the center of the room while she sat at her desk. She had me turn around. Then she let me dress and sent me home with a note. My mother made me stay in bed. She seemed worried. That night I overheard a long conversation that she had with my father, in which she persuaded him that I needed to spend less time at V.P.'s house. My father resisted at first, but finally he agreed. I don't think that either one of them would have openly blamed V.P. for anything, but on some intuitive level they finally got a small clue that something was really wrong.

The next day when I went to school, my homeroom teacher got a note from the nurse and sent me up to the nurse's office. When I got there Freddy took me outside and put me into Bob's car. Bob acted friendly and showed concern that I had fallen down the stairs and got hurt. I asked where we were going and he told me not to worry, that he was taking me to see a

friend. He took me to the home of a Luciferian who lived nearby. The Baron was in that house when I arrived. The man who owned the home was a dignified, white-haired man. I remembered that I had seen him at some Satanic rituals. Bob started to put me into a hypnotic state but I told him not to bother. Even without being in girls' clothing, I started talking and acting as Kathy. The Baron asked me to take off my clothes which I did. He carefully examined my bruises.

He said, "My dear chap, I'm afraid this simply will not do. V.P. has made a mistake that shall not be forgiven."

The Baron seemed curious at the fact that I could go into the Kathy personality without hypnosis. Bob seemed frightened by this fact. It was then that Bob explained to me about what had really happened to Sam. He asked me if I remembered the boy Sam who sometimes spent time at V.P.'s house. I did. He asked me if I remembered the story of how he supposedly was playing with matches and accidentally burnt down his home, killing his parents. I remembered. Then Bob carefully spelled out the whole story of what really happened to Sam. Hearing that story I felt afraid for myself and my family. I knew then that I could never tell on the Satanists. I knew that I had to do whatever Bob told me. I knew that if I talked to anyone except for Luciferians about what went on in my life as Kathy – my parents would be killed. My relationship with my family had its problems, but I still loved my mother. I still felt that the other people in my family liked me most of the time. I didn't want to die and I didn't want my family to be hurt.

It was also at that time that Bob explained how my father's clients were motivated to do business with him because of arrangements with V.P. and because of my servicing them. I explained to him that I knew that I was Kathy as well as being Kerth, and that as Kathy I understood the financial arrangement. Bob asked me questions about the men I had serviced and I remembered everything. Finally Bob asked me my name.

I said, "I'm Kerth, but sometimes I'm Kathy. But I'm not a girl, I just pretend to be sometimes."

The Baron laughed at this. He told me that he wanted me to be Kathy with him. He took out his penis which had already become aroused by this frank conversation. He took out a pair of rubber gloves and a condom from his coat pocket. He said that Kathy would know what to do with these. I knelt

before him, put on the gloves and put the condom on his penis. I did all this in an almost robotic way. But then I hesitated. I suddenly felt overwhelmingly embarrassed. The personality integration which had recently taken place meant that I emotionally reacted to this experience in the way that I would have as Kerth. As Kathy, I had come to see sex work as an unpleasant chore that grossed me out. But as Kerth I felt completely ashamed and belittled by what I was being forced to do. My face felt flushed. I felt intensely humiliated as I started to act out as Kathy would. But my emotions were perfectly disconnected from my behavior. Bob's training had conditioned me to habitually behave a certain way when I serviced men. I smiled sweetly and began to gently kiss the Baron's penis.

In my Kathy voice, with exaggerated enthusiasm, I said, "I love your penis. Your dick is so beautiful. You have the most wonderful cock in the world. Thank you for the honor and privilege of touching your marvelous cock."

I looked up at him and smiled as if in bliss. I grinned as I stroked his penis. But for all of this acting out, I felt completely horrified at what I was doing and completely ashamed. I felt that I had no control of my body. It was as if the Baron controlled me like a puppet with his lustful thoughts and desires. The Baron's penis was unusually large and had never been circumcised. He felt very proud of it, and bragged of it often. My adoration of his penis had caused it to become fully erect, but when he saw that tears were pouring from my eyes in spite of my smile, he had me stop.

"If we wait until I cum, I'm afraid we'll be here all day, my dear fellows," he said. And then he laughed.

He took off the condom and had me take off the gloves. I put my hands on my face and folded into a fetal position at his feet. I sobbed for a while, until Bob patted me on the back. I felt completely powerless and defeated. I hated myself. Finally I stopped sobbing. They let me get dressed. The Baron had me sit across from him on a stool. He took out two photos. I looked at them. They clearly showed me in my underwear standing in the nurse's office. I could see the extent of my bruises.

"How did she take these pictures?" I asked.

The Baron replied, "She has a secret camera hidden in the room. Are you going to tell on her?"



“No. I’m not going to tell on anyone. I know better,” I stated flatly.

“Smart fellow, I knew I could rely on you.”

Then the Baron explained how he had heard a rumor that my father had wanted to buy a bigger home but couldn’t get the financing. The Baron said that he was going to arrange for my father to be able to buy that bigger home.

“Thank you,” I said.

Even at that age I knew that I had just been bribed. And although at that time I didn’t really have a word for it, I knew what I had just become.

As he drove me back to the school, Bob explained to me that I didn’t have to be Kathy with V.P. anymore. He explained that the Baron was much more powerful than V.P. and the Baron had revoked any privileges V.P. had, in being with Kathy. Bob told me that if V.P. tried to make me do something that I didn’t want to do, I could say, “No.” But Bob also made it clear that at some time in the future, Kathy might be needed again by the Baron.

For nearly a month my parents wouldn’t bring me to V.P.’s house, even though he repeatedly called asking for visits. But my parents always made polite excuses. However eventually they caved in and one Saturday they brought me over to V.P.’s house to spend the night.

After my parents left, I was sent up to V.P.’s room. He sat on his bed and pulled down his trousers.

He nodded down at his penis and said, “I know that you don’t need to get dressed up or to call yourself Kathy. I know you know what to do.”

I felt complete contempt and disgust for him. I just looked at him saying nothing.

He pulled his police-special snub-nosed revolver from the side table and pointed it at me.

“I said, do it, boy,” he said with anger in his voice.

“Go ahead and pull the trigger,” I replied.

V.P. put the pistol away, pulled up his trousers and laid down on the bed face first. He started crying softly. I walked back downstairs.

V.P.'s wife was greeting Bob who had just come to the door.

Bob said, "I was going to stop you from going up there."

"Nothing happened," I replied.

"The Baron has invited us to a party."

"OK."

V.P.'s wife explained to Bob that my parents were going to come over the next morning for brunch. She wanted me back before eight AM. Bob agreed and we left.

That night, when I finally said "No" to V.P., I escaped his abuse, but I couldn't escape the Baron or Bob. When we got to the Baron's mansion, we went immediately to a bedroom to get dressed up. Bob had gotten matching outfits for us. We both had identical red dresses. We had the exact same style of blond wigs. Bob had red high-heeled shoes and I had red flats. The shoes sparkled like Dorothy's ruby slippers in the Wizard of Oz. Bob went to great care in how he applied make-up on my face. When we looked at ourselves in the large mirror, I looked like a smaller version of him. He asked if I was willing to be hypnotized by him, but I didn't want to. He said we were going to play a game. Everything he did I was to mimic. He had me walk like he did, talk like he did, smile like he did and so forth.

After a while the Baron came in. He was dressed in a black silken robe with a hood.

"Hello, Kathy, my dear. Don't you look ravishing tonight. You look good enough to eat," he said with a fox-like grin on his face.

He took us down into the black basement. It was strangely lit by gaslights on the walls and candles on an altar. I had actually been there once before, but the trauma contained in my memory of that first visit had suppressed my ability to recall it. That night, as I walked down the stairs to the black basement in my pretty red dress, it was as if I was going there for the first time.

I smiled and acted cheerful, just as Bob did, but inside I felt terrified. More than a dozen people gathered together, all facing the Baron who stood behind the altar. As I stood before the Satanic altar that night, I felt totally creepy. But Bob, who was now calling himself Bobby, was smiling with an

almost insanely happy grin. So that's what I did. Most of the other people there were dressed in black robes with hoods. And there was a woman there, who was dressed in red exactly like me and Bobby. She stood on one side of me. Although I was smiling sweetly, my legs were shaking with fear. The woman in red and Bobby each held my hands to calm me down. She leaned over and whispered to me, telling me that her name was Betsy.

The Baron spoke for a short while in some ancient language that I didn't recognize. It was a part of some ritualistic invocation of a demon. Then he ritualistically killed some poor animal as a sacrifice. He did this slowly. He was prolonging the pain of the poor creature. Then, speaking in English, he gave us a lecture on the stupidity of Christianity and how its values were false. He ritualistically desecrated a Bible before burning it. He had the crowd chant verses from the Bible backwards. I felt a strange sensation. I felt as if something was controlling me the way that a puppeteer controls a puppet. I wasn't myself. Something else was controlling the way I walked, talked and gestured.

After the Satanic ritual, all the other men and woman took off their black robes and walked around naked. Bobby, Betsy and I remained dressed. But we also all begin to walk around and move as if we were a single unit. I felt weirdly disconnected from myself. It was as if the three of us had somehow become one person. Although I was grinning fiendishly, I felt really bad inside. I felt bad about the ritual. I felt bad about what I was doing. When I spoke, I spoke with a high pitched feminine voice that didn't sound at all like me. And the things I was saying were like nothing I had ever thought to say before. I looked over the naked men and flirted with them and they flirted with me. The three of us talked about the penises we saw as if we were talking about sculptures in a museum – which one was the most beautiful and nonsense like that. I didn't even understand the things I was saying. The words just came out of me as if it wasn't really me saying them, and yet I was saying them.

The Baron had his hands on his hips and was bragging about his penis. Bob talked about how much he liked the fact that the Baron's penis was uncircumcised. Then Bob whispered in my ear and said that servicing a circumcised penis was like playing a flute with half the keys missing. Betsy overheard the joke. Both Betsy and I laughed at that hysterically, although I didn't really understand the joke at all. Somebody else was operating my

body and I was just along for the ride. In spite of my gleeful behavior, I felt intense fear and nausea.

We all went upstairs on a freight elevator to an upper floor where there were bedrooms. An orgy began. Bobby, Betsy and I went with a naked man into a bedroom with a large mirror. Although at the time I didn't know this, the whole incident was being secretly filmed by the Baron. First Betsy performed a strip tease for the naked man who sat at the end of a large bed. Then Bobby performed the same strip tease in exactly the same way. Then I mimicked what they had done. As I was stripping, the man got an erection. I remember that it seemed odd to me because his penis wasn't straight; it hooked to one side. But Bobby and the woman praised the man's penis as if it were god-like and they began servicing him. Eventually I began to service him in the same way they had. I felt very embarrassed and nauseated. But I kept on acting out sexually as if I had no control over what I was doing. Although I was smiling and laughing the same as Bobby and Betsy, I felt horrified at what I was doing. I felt sick to my stomach as if I was going to vomit, but I didn't. Eventually it was over and I was glad that it was.

Bobby took me back to a small bedroom and bathed me in a tub, carefully washing off my make-up. He tucked me into a bed and told me to take a nap. After he left I curled up into a fetal position and started sobbing. Eventually I got up and threw up in the toilet then went back to the bed to sleep.

I had a nightmare in which I saw Bobby, Betsy and me walking down the hallway together. But in the nightmare we were being overshadowed by some demonic creature. In the nightmare, this creature had a ghostlike appearance. It had three reptilian heads that sat upon three long snakelike necks. Each head had multiple horns growing from it. The three heads overshadowed our three heads. Its body however was not even remotely human. It had insectile legs and tentacles for arms. Its gelatinous body seems to grow or shrink as needed. In the nightmare the creature was translucent and moved with us as we walked along. But I felt that it was controlling us like we were human meat-puppets. The nightmare horrified me and sickened me to my very bones.

I woke up after a while and felt confused about where I was. In my mind there were flashes of memories. I remembered the black basement and felt

scared. I remembered seeing myself in the mirror with Bob, both of us wearing red dresses. I saw images of a strange “hook” penis. I felt nauseated but there was nothing in my stomach to throw up. I hadn’t eaten supper and I felt lightheaded. Still feeling dizzy, I got up and looked for my clothes. They were neatly folded on top of a dresser.

After I dressed I left the room. In the hallway there was a naked man and woman asleep on the floor with an empty wine bottle next to them. Most of the lights were out and the house was dark. The stink of vomit, urine and stale liquor permeated the upstairs. I heard laughter coming from downstairs. There was a wide, long staircase that spiraled down to the first floor. I walked down it. I could hear Bob’s laughter coming from another room. I walked into the large living room. Bob, the Baron and Betsy were all sitting around in bathrobes. Bob and Betsy had taken off their make-up and blond wigs. Betsy had short curly brown hair. The Baron spied me. He smiled and waved at me.

“Hello, young sir. There you are. Had your nap, eh? Come in, my lad, and join us,” he said in a booming voice.

I came in and sat in a chair near the Baron. They all had cocktails in their hands. The Baron yelled out for more drinks and a butler came in. The Baron ordered another round for the adults and told the butler to bring me a soda pop and candy bar.

They were all drunk and making jokes about things I didn’t understand. After I drank the soda and ate the candy, I felt better. Finally, they settled down and the Baron looked over at me. His voice was slightly slurred as he spoke.

He said, “You know you were absolutely marvelous tonight, young sir. You remember that man, the one with the odd pecker. As I filmed the three of you with that man, I watched you carefully through the two-way mirror. Everything I visualized in my lustful mind, the three of you were doing as if my thoughts were directing you. It was just grand. And that film I made tonight is very important. That man is an important corporate leader. Now I own him. You did quite well. You’re a very talented young lad. And you shall be rewarded. Your family is going to get the large beautiful home that they desire. And I know just the perfect place.”

Betsy laughed and said, “Wasn’t that fellow’s Johnson absolutely horrendous? For fuck’s sake, all twisted about like that!”

Bob said, “That’s what happens when a circumcision goes wrong. I’ve heard he has trouble getting it up for his wife. Of course she’s a fat cow, but that’s where his money comes from.”

I remembered the man’s hooked penis and had flashing images in my mind of servicing him. I felt bad about myself. I knew that I had done something really bad and I felt afraid again.

Bob looked at me sharply and said, “Are you OK, Kerth?”

Betsy said, “I thought his name was Kathy. Wait a second. He’s not like the others. He remembers things.”

The Baron replied, “Oh, Shotzy’s ruined too many children. When her methods work it’s grand, but several of her subjects have died or gone completely insane. Her methods are too experimental, and I didn’t want this one damaged. Bob’s using different methods. But I’m very pleased with his results.”

Then the Baron looked over at me and smiled.

“Oh, come on, lad. Don’t be sad. Tonight’s a night of celebration. Here, let me sing a song for you.”

He stood up and began to sing in a bellowing voice. As he sang he gestured widely with his arms. He spilled his drink on the floor as he gestured, but paid no attention to that. Bob and the woman knew the song and joined in at the chorus.

The Baron sang, “When I was a lad, I served a term as an office boy in an attorney’s firm. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor and I polished up the handle on the big front door.”

Grinning widely and in cheerful voices they refrained, “He polished up the handle on the big front door.”

“I polished up the handle so carefully that now I am the ruler of the Queen’s Navy.”

“He polished up the handle so carefully that now he is the ruler of the Queen’s Navy.”

I felt better and started laughing. They sang on, verse after verse. As they sang, Bob and Betsy got up and started dancing around, entertaining me. I laughed and laughed.

All three spread their arms wide and exaggerated their voices whenever they sang, “Ruler of the Queen’s Navy.”

I forgot all the scary stuff.

When they finished that song, they smoked cigarettes and then the Baron began to sing some slow ballad in a deep sincere voice. I felt tired again and curled up on a couch to sleep.

Later on, Bob woke me up by shaking my shoulder. He was fully dressed in men’s clothing.

He said, “I promised to get you back early. We have to go.”

It was still dark out and I was sleepy, but I let him drag me up to my feet and walk me outside. He put me in the passenger’s seat of his MG and strapped on my seatbelt. He put a pair of sunglasses on my head. I couldn’t see out of them and complained.

He said, “It’s going to be light out soon and you’re not allowed to know how to find the Baron’s house. Sorry.”

These were wraparound sunglasses, where the lens had been painted black so that nothing could be seen out of them. Effectively, I had been blindfolded. Over the years, every time I would be driven out to the Baron’s house or back, I would be blindfolded in this way, or it would be at night, or they would go a roundabout way through country back roads.

As we drove back I could feel the motions of the car. I could feel the rounding of the turns and the jerkiness, as Bob shifted gears. I could hear the noises of the engine as it whined. I could smell the early morning air and the cigarettes that Bob smoked. But in the darkness imposed by the blacked out sunglasses, I saw images. Memories of the evening came back. I saw Bob and me looking in the mirror, wearing red dresses. I saw the Baron in his hooded robe, burning a Bible. I saw a naked man with a hooked penis, glaring at me with lust. I saw the Baron singing drunkenly. I remembered the nightmare with the demonic three-headed creature. I felt bad. I felt terrified.

I said, “Bob, please don’t make me do this anymore.”

“Make you do what?”

“We did bad things last night. The Baron burnt a Bible. That place is bad.”

Bob said, “Oh no. None of that actually happened. All of that was just a nightmare. Last night, you spent the night at V.P.’s house. Think.”

I thought about what he said for a while. I knew he was lying. But I didn’t want to remember the things I had just seen and done.

“What did I do at V.P.’s house last night?” I asked.

“What do you usually do?”

I explained that we mostly watched TV and played cards. He insisted that last night that’s what really happened. I went along with the game. I imagined an ordinary evening which should have taken place. I described it to Bob. He made me describe it over and over again, until even I almost believed that the made-up story was what actually happened. When we got to V.P.’s house, Bob parked in front. He told me to close my eyes tight and take off the sunglasses. He had me get out of his car and told me to count to thirty. I heard him drive off. I opened my eyes. The morning light had come and the darkness of night was gone. I was at V.P.’s home.

The cook let me in through the back door at the kitchen. Nobody else was up yet. As she cooked me a big breakfast, I told her the story that Bob had me make up. She knew better but listened anyway. I was hungry by then. I ate breakfast and then slept on a couch. When I got up my family was there. We ate brunch. Nobody in my family cared about what I had done the night before. The whole story Bob had me make up and memorize was for nothing. V.P. didn’t come downstairs. His wife made excuses for him. After we ate we all went home.

When we got home my father had a long conversation with someone on the phone. He and my mother went off somewhere before supper. When they came back they seemed very happy. At supper they announced that financing had been made available to my father and that soon we were all going to move into a big new home. But months would pass before that would take place.

The day of the move turned out to be on my last day of school before



summer break. My parents had shown our new home to my siblings, but hadn't bothered to show it to me, or even to tell me where it was. The morning before my last day of school, my mother carefully explained to me that a relative was going to pick me up after school. This person, who was a teenager, had just gotten her driver's license and was thrilled every time she was allowed to drive a car. My mother very carefully explained to me exactly where I was to wait for my ride. She told me not to walk home after school, because nobody would be there and everything in the old house would be gone. She did not give me any phone number to call at the new house, or even the address of our new home.

After school, I went out to where I was to wait for my ride. She wasn't there. I sat and waited while the other students walked away, happy that school was out for the summer. Time went by and my ride didn't show. Several hours went by and my ride didn't show. All of the teachers had left and the students were gone. I began to fear that my family had deserted me and that nobody was going to come. I begin to feel that they had deliberately told me nothing about the new home because they had intended to abandon me completely. Finally the school nurse came out of the door, locking it behind her. I was on the verge of tears by then. This was Freddy, the nurse who was in the Luciferian group. She asked why I was still there. I told her, with a shaking voice, that a driver was supposed to pick me up, but hadn't. I started to explain that we were to move into a new house that day – but Freddy already knew all about that. She asked about the address and phone number of the new house, and I said that I hadn't been told. Then Kerth turned into Kathy and I laughed.

Freddy said, "Oh, for Satan's sake! Your Christian family is so pathetic. Those fools. They don't know who and what you really are. If I had permission from the Baron, I'd kill them all and raise you myself. I'll make some calls. There's somebody on the same block where you're moving to who I know. I'll find a way to contact your idiot mother."

Freddy went back in the building and came out a while later. She tried to calm me down. She said she had gotten a message to my mother through one of our new neighbors. She drew a map on a piece of paper showing the way to her house, which wasn't far away. Freddy told me that if my ride didn't show up in an hour's time I should walk to her home. She very carefully explained how I could find her home and made me repeat the

instructions. She briefly hugged me and walked away. All of this caused me to fluctuate back and forth between my Kathy persona and my Kerth persona. As Kathy I was calm, I knew Freddy loved me and would take care of me, even if my idiot Christian family had deserted me. That might even be a good thing. But as Kerth I was terrified and freaked out.

About a half hour later my ride finally showed up. She had her friends in the car with her. I began crying and wouldn't stop. In frustration she yelled at me. She said that I was nothing but a bother. Her friends laughed at the fact that I was crying and called me a sissy. She became furious with me. She yelled that I had probably gotten her in trouble and that she hated me. And that just made me cry even more.

When we got to the new house, my mother seemed more angry at me than with my tardy driver. Earlier that day, a neighbor had come up from the street and explained that a nurse from my school had called about my situation. It had been obvious that my mother had totally forgotten about me. This attention had embarrassed her because it made her seem irresponsible to the new neighbors. But my mother had called around, reached my driver and reminded her to pick me up. Once I had been delivered to our new home, hearing of my plight, my siblings made fun of me, teasing that I should have been left behind and forgotten.

When my father got home, the mood changed. He brought us takeout and ice cold sodas for supper. We ate an impromptu meal together and he took everyone on a tour of the new house. He was very proud of it. From the outside, you could see that it had three floors. The third floor was within the tall slanted roof. In the large backyard there was a big garage, a lap pool and a basketball hoop next to the driveway. The house had a big basement where a laundry chute emptied out. The new house had three bathrooms. Our old house only had one bathroom and everyone had fought over its use. The new house had a windowed-in side porch. The whole house was huge compared to our old home. The third floor was smaller than the first two floors, but it was all finished and didn't really look like an attic.

At first the new house seemed ideal. It seemed too good to be true. But things were not as they first seemed.

That night as we slept, at about 3 AM, everyone in the house was rudely awakened. There was a loud noise coming from in front of the house and it

went on and on. We had all noticed that there was a train track across the street from us, but the significance of that didn't become clear until that night.

As the train went by, it roared. I would learn later that this long train was pulled by multiple engines. The train went on clacking and clinking loudly for a half hour. The train track had a steep embankment on the side opposite from our house, and this acted like an amphitheater to direct the noise right at us.

Everybody in the family had been startled awake by this. We all wandered out into the hallway in our pajamas.

Someone complained, "My God, is it going to do this every night?"

My mother said, "I was talking to the neighbors today and they said that this happens every night. It's a long train on an uphill grade. They say it wakes you up at first, but don't worry. They said you get used to it, and that after a while you don't even notice it."

My father seemed angry. He told everyone to go back to bed. When I went back to bed, I couldn't sleep. The day had been very stressful and I was unhappy. Our old home had been in a nice quiet neighborhood and everyone was happy there. This new house didn't seem good to me. As I hovered in that state of mind between sleep and wakefulness, I heard a disembodied voice that spoke like the voice of an angel.

"When you make a deal with the devil, this is what you get. You give up something priceless for something you think you want. And when you get what you wanted – you get no pleasure from it. The devil always wins and you always lose."

The rest of my family eventually got used to the early morning train noises. I never did. And every time it woke me up it was a reminder that I had made a mistake in having made a deal with the Baron.

A few days after we moved into the new house, V.P. came for a visit to see it. He was very complementary and polite. My father was beaming with pride. V.P. was very appropriate in his behavior toward me and my siblings. From the point of view of the rest of my family, the new house was a good thing.

Bob was careful after that to use me less and less to service men. V.P. stopped asking to have me spend the night at his house. Sometimes I came with the family for visits at V.P.'s house during the day, but I never stayed overnight there. V.P. was more or less appropriate in his behavior toward me from then after. Bob no longer had access to me through V.P.. But he had Luciferian connections with the administrators of my school. Anytime he wanted to, he could have it listed that I was out of school because of sickness, and my parents wouldn't be informed. So when he wanted to, he could have me for the school day.

Sometimes I would simply spend the day with Bob and other Luciferians who he knew. Whenever I was with him and his Luciferian friends they always called me Kathy. They trusted me to keep secrets. At first, Bob still had me dress up in girls' clothing whenever we visited Luciferians. But eventually he didn't bother to have me dress up in girls' clothing except when I was going to service a man. But that happened less and less as I got older. Sometimes, as Kathy, I attended various types of Luciferian rituals. I didn't like these. But usually Bob's friends didn't perform Luciferian rituals when I visited with them. Most of the time we just talked. Slowly they were teaching me how Luciferians think, and how they use tricks and secrecy to create wealth.

They seemed to know everything about my family. They showed an interest in me. They talked with me about how I was dealing with my family and the other students at school. They tutored me on subjects I was having trouble with at school. But they never called me by my real name. They always were careful to call me Kathy. Over time, I came to believe that I really was Kathy and that Kerth was just a character I played, like an actor in a movie.

Bob somehow knew everything about my family's financial problems. In the evenings, my parents would talk about financial issues in the living room, and I would hear what they were saying. I was much more intelligent than the people in my family understood. When my father had problems, Bob knew this. He would make arrangements with me. He would arrange for people he knew to give business to my father and in exchange I would do sex work of some type for Bob. After I did this work, days later I would overhear conversations by my parents in which my father was relieved because he had more business and could pay the bills. So I knew that my

family's financial well being was dependent upon the occasional sex work that Bob arranged for me.

Although the sex work became less frequent when I got older, at times it got weirder. I didn't just do blackmail films. Bob was producing child porno films which he sold to wealthy Luciferian aristocrats. With pride in his voice Bob explained that wealthy aristocrats played his movies at the orgies which took place in their mansions in Europe. Bob had studied something called *sex magick*. He considered his movies to be magickal workings in which Satan's spiritual presence could be felt by the watchers of the movie. In one film that I was compelled to participate in, Bob had a man whom he dressed up like Jesus. Bob had Betsy and me dressed up like Roman soldiers. We stripped the actor dressed up like Jesus and spanked him. Bob had a felt-covered cross that was fastened to a wall. Then Bob directed us to tie the fake Jesus to a cross in a way that didn't hurt him. Then Bob directed Betsy and me to perform a striptease in front of the fake Jesus before taking turns servicing him.

After making that film, when I went home I became nauseous and threw up. I got ill and couldn't hold down food. I felt intense pain in my stomach. This went on for more than a day. My mother didn't know what was wrong and was thinking of taking me to a hospital. Finally I got out of my bed and I found a Bible and begged Jesus Christ to forgive me for making that film. Immediately, the pain went away, like a miracle. I became healthy again and could eat.

Bob produced many pedophiliac films making fun of Jesus, but after that one I told him I wouldn't do that type of film anymore. But there were other child prostitutes owned by the Baron whom Bob could use, so he had no problem with letting me do less sex work.

But the Baron still needed me for the occasional blackmail film. One wealthy Luciferian had fantasies about his own son. Bob had me dress up in the actual clothing of this man's son. It was a private school uniform. Then Bob had me service the man while answering to his son's name. This sex act took place in the man's suite at an expensive hotel, but Bob had bribed the housecleaners at the hotel to let him in while the man was gone. He had somehow figured out how to set up a camera and sound recording equipment so that the man didn't know they were there. He had rigged up a

timer that would turn on the recording equipment during the time we were there. Before the sex scene, Bob explained where I was to stand and lie down so that the camera would record the whole sick event. The man took me up to the hotel suite, thinking we were alone together. The whole time I was servicing him I kept calling him “Daddy.” Days later, the Baron showed the man the film, and threatened to show it to his wife and son. The man begged the Baron to not show the film to anyone. The Baron said nobody would ever see the film, only if the man converted to Satanism. This man had been considering becoming a Satanist, but just wouldn’t make the plunge. But after seeing this film of himself having sex with me while I pretended to be his son, the man joined a Luciferian secret society and began to work in cooperation with the Baron.

After that weird sex scene with that man, I began to have suicidal thoughts. I began to think about ways that I could kill myself so that it would look like an accident instead of a suicide. That way the Baron might not kill my mother as a punishment for my having committed suicide, which was something he had repeatedly threatened to do. The Baron considered that I was valuable property which he owned. If I destroyed his property by committing suicide, he would punish me by killing the mother I loved. When the Baron made threats like that, I wished that I could go to the police for help. But I knew they wouldn’t believe me when I started talking about Satanic secret societies. Besides, other children and I regularly serviced members of the local Police Board. Bob always said that Luciferians secretly ruled the world. I thought he was exaggerating. But I knew they were powerful enough to kill me and my mother if I disobeyed the Baron.

The Baron got half the profits that Bob made from all his child pornography. His porno films and photos had high production values. The Baron had beautiful rooms in his mansion that could be used as a fancy backdrops for the pornography. As I became pubic around the age of thirteen, Bob started making photos and movies of me in the nude with an erection. I wasn’t turned on by men, so he would have Betsy perform fellatio until I became erect, then she’d stand aside so the photography could take place.

Bob told me once that there was a movie theater in a mansion of a aristocratic Luciferian in Europe. Wealthy Luciferians from around Europe

would attend the theater and look at the films which Bob, and others like him, made. Bob seemed proud of this fact, but I felt horrified by it. This thought that wealthy aristocrats would sit around in a movie theater looking at films of me in the nude, or in drag having sex with men, made me feel absolutely humiliated. I hated myself. I began to become physically ill after these sessions. I had difficulty eating food. I began to develop social phobias. I began to steal things from other people's homes and stores. And although I was quite intelligent, I was barely able to pass my courses in school. My life as Kerth was slowly going to hell. As Kathy, I began to feel no emotions when I serviced men or posed for photographs. I felt like I was a smiling sex robot who just did as he was told.

At one point during this time in my life the Baron arranged for me to have a brief affair with a Catholic priest who was a secret Luciferian. It helped the Baron form an alliance with the Luciferians who ran the Vatican Bank. It was weird because I think the priest was really in love with me.

I began to have an identity crisis about who I really was. One day when I felt ill, I stayed at home. My mother had somewhere to go and told me that she wouldn't be back for hours. Nobody else was there. For some reason I felt drawn to the third floor where one of the rooms was used as a large storage space. In it was a closet which held my parents' old army uniforms. They had kept them clean and moth-free for all these years. There was also a large mirror in the room. I put on my father's uniform and saluted myself in the mirror. It was a little baggy on me, but I was tall for my age. And I liked the way I looked in an officer's uniform. Then I took off my father's uniform and put on my mother's Army Nurse Corp officer's uniform. Her old army drab dress uniform fit me, except that the shoulders were a little tight and the waist had to be cinched up. It wasn't a pretty dress like the ones Bob had made for me, but it was a woman's dress nonetheless and for a minute it seemed quite natural that I would have put it on. But when I looked at myself in the mirror in my mother's uniform I suddenly felt shocked. I had thought it might be funny to put on their uniforms, but it actually made me feel completely confused. I realized that nobody in my family knew who I really was. Bob's Luciferian friends would think that I looked nice in my Mom's uniform. They would say that I looked cute in it. But if my mother had walked in on me at that moment she would have freaked out. My siblings would have laughed at me if they saw me dressed

like that. And my father would be furious if he saw me like that. In my mother's uniform I was Kathy. In my father's uniform I was Kerth. I was two persons who shared the same body and the same memories. But the Luciferians I knew were in some ways as much my family as was my own actual family. I felt deeply conflicted. I felt the pain of my deep identity crisis. For a moment I thought that I was about to go completely insane. I carefully put those uniforms back and never opened that closet again.

One day my father was driving me somewhere through an urban area. He had taken a shortcut and felt uncomfortable about the neighborhood we were driving through. When we stopped at a stoplight, some women on a street corner next to us started waving at my father. They were smiling and were dressed up in colorful clothes. My father told me to roll up the window and lock the door. I could see a man wearing a purple suit coat and a wide-brimmed hat standing behind the women. He had a very serious look on his face.

After the light changed and we drove off, my father explained that those women were whores and that the man was their pimp. He said that the whores worked for the pimp. They did dirty things with men and the pimp collected the money. He said that when I got older I shouldn't have anything to do with women like that because I might get some disease called *the clap*.

After that, as we drove along in silence, I began to have a sick feeling in my stomach. I clenched my fists and shut my eyes. It was then that I understood the true nature of the relationship that I had with Bob. It was then that I realized that Bob was my pimp and that I was one of his whores.

At that time in my life my faith in God was weak and I rarely prayed. When I thought of my abuse and unhappiness, I felt it meant that God hated me because he let people hurt me. Sometimes I felt bitter resentment because of God's seemingly indifference to my suffering. Often I felt unworthy of God's love. Most often I doubted his very existence. But later that day, after my father took me home, I found a Bible and holding it to my heart I prayed to God that I would somehow find a way to get away from Bob.



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Secret Libraries

I was in a number of secret libraries at one time or another, but the strangest one belonged to a couple of Illuminati members known as *the two sisters*. They were incestuous lesbian pedophiles. In their house, they had two little girls which they had bought overseas somewhere. These girls were never allowed to wear clothing except for their slave collars. They were house slaves to the two sisters. The sisters believed that in the future everyone in the world will be homosexual pedophiles. They also believed that in the future, all human beings will be either Illuminati aristocrats or slaves. The sisters were intelligent, well-spoken, well-dressed, attractive – and completely insane.

Their house was both beautiful and creepy. They were both very talented painters and loved art. They especially loved pedophilic pornography of all kinds. They were fans of Bob's work and had seen pictures of me. They wanted to meet me in person, so I could autograph some of these pictures. I could write an entire book on the one day that I visited them because it was so weird. But I don't really like recalling that day. The two sisters had a Satanic temple in their basement that looked like an Egyptian temple. They had a hidden library upstairs that held books on Satanism, pedophilia, homosexuality and the secret history of the world. The two sisters were proud of their house.

Their prized possessions were their books and their slave girls. Their two slave girls were never allowed to leave their house. They had a play area in their backyard that looked like a monkey cage in the zoo. There were swings, a sandbox and a picnic table inside of it. The only time the girls were let outside was when they were in that caged-in area. The house looked normal from the front. But the window curtains hid bars. The entire house had security in it like a bank or a prison.

The Baron brought me into the home of the two sisters so he could secretly check out the security systems used by them. After we left that night, the Baron sent his men in. They chloroformed the two sisters as they slept, then the Baron's men stole the sisters' books and their little slave girls.

It was punishment from the Committee. The two sisters were Illuminati, but they weren't what the Baron called "producers". The Committee expects its members to produce income for the Illuminati system or to actively serve the Illuminati system in some way. The two sisters went through all the initiation rituals and so forth, but they wouldn't produce income for the Committee or do any work that the Committee considered useful. So this was their punishment for being slackers. After they received their punishment, the two sisters moved to New York and became recruiters for the Illuminati, and they did work for the United Nations.

The Baron kept half the stolen books, and sent the rest to important Luciferian leaders. He kept the two little girls and trained them to be his maids. They didn't have to wear collars and were allowed to wear clothing. They serviced men and women at his orgies and did household chores. But he didn't keep them prisoners all the time. He let them go out from time to time and see the world. They seemed grateful to the Baron. It's ironic that they considered that the Baron was their rescuer.

The Baron wasn't the only Luciferian aristocrat interested in me, and their interest in me wasn't just for pedophiliac sex. Satanism among the wealthy is generational. In a sense, the pedophiliac sex among the generational Satanists is more for mind control than anything else. Sexual abuse causes the child to disassociate. When disassociated, the child becomes more receptive to conditioning. Some of the wealthy Luciferians have secret libraries which contain knowledge that isn't available to people in mainstream society. These libraries and the books in them are also part of the training. The sex rituals emotionally bond the children of generational Satanists to their secret societies, and as the children become older, information from the secret libraries can be used for indoctrination.

As I got older, my value as a child prostitute decreased and the Baron's interest in training me to become a Luciferian leader increased. When I was fourteen years old, the Baron said I was too old for sex work and that he had other plans for me. He explained that this also meant that he wasn't going to send anymore business to my father as my reward for sex work. And by then V.P. had died. So my father would have to start hustling to create new clients for his business. But by this time in my life I didn't care about my father's money problems. The Baron also explained that there were certain written materials he wanted me to study instead of doing the

sex work. I hated the sex work and I liked to read books. So I felt that this change in what was expected from me was an improvement.

The Baron had a secret library built into the back of his mansion on the third floor. On the first floor of his mansion he had a regular library that contained those books which are commonly known about – the type of books you might find in a public library. In that first floor library were the books written by well-known authors, well-known reference books and other books of that sort. But in his secret library on the third floor, the Baron had books of the sort which only persons in Luciferian secret societies would know about.

His secret library was built in such a way that unless you knew that it was there, you would never find it. His mansion had some secret passages in it. Several of the bedrooms were adjoined by small rooms that had movie cameras in them which could record what was going on in the bedroom. Each camera room had a one-way mirror window that functioned as a mirror on the bedroom side, but could be seen through from the camera room. And at the back of the house, there was a long narrow room that held many rare books. The books were carefully organized on shelves that went from the floor to the ceiling. The secret library had a narrow metal ladder that hooked to the sturdy shelves with rollers. It could be moved back and forth so that the books on the high shelves could be accessed. At one end there was a small alcove, just big enough to seat one person. It had a reading light and a small shelf with writing utensils for taking notes.

Before showing me this secret library, the Baron showed me his first floor library. He had me read a chapter from a history book that told the official story of how the Templar Knights had been defeated by the Islamic armies of the great leader Saladin. This story told how the Crusaders lost control of the Holy Lands. It explained that the turning point in the struggle between the Crusaders and the Islamic armies came at the Battle of the Horns of Hattin.

The official version of the story was that the Grand Master of the Templars was an incompetent leader named Gerard de Ridefort. He ordered his men to venture out into an unprotected position without adequate supplies. Saladin, who was described as a great strategist, surrounded them. The knights became overwhelmed by the heat of the day and the Islamic

soldiers massacred them. The conclusion of this story was that Saladin had won because he was better at military tactics than Gerard de Ridefort.

The Baron then took me up to his secret library. The door into the library was hidden in the back of a closet. You had to push the clothes to one side and the keyhole which unlocked it was barely visible. At the time I thought that this set up was amazingly cool. When I entered into this narrow library, the scent of rare books was in the air. The room felt magical. The power of these books radiated energetically from the shelves. The Baron selected a book from one of the shelves which told the true story of how the Templars were defeated. He sat me down in the alcove and told me what section of it he wanted me to read. It was written in English, but segments of the book were translations from a rare Aramaic manuscript. It told the same basic story that the official history book had told, but with certain insights.

What had really happened is that Saladin had used a strategy of slowly corrupting the Templar Knights. These Templar Knights were warrior priests. The Templar Knights in the Holy Lands weren't allowed sexual relations with women, or to have children. And they had to live in complete poverty, although the Templar Order itself had great wealth. Some of the knights were secretly homosexual and were content to live within the Order along with other men. Some of the knights were highly spiritual and thought that service in the Order would assure their entrance into Heaven. But other knights regretted having joined the Order, and they secretly resented having to forgo the joys of family life and property possession.

Certain discontented knights had been targeted by Saladin's agents. Those targeted knights were sexually seduced by beautiful Islamic women. Once seduced, they were bribed with money and homes. All of this was a betrayal of the oaths which they had made to the Templar Order. These fallen knights secretly married Islamic women, who they had children with, and they secretly converted from Christianity to Islam. Once they had been corrupted by the Islamic agents, they then rose to positions of power within the Order. The rise to power of these corrupted knights within the Templar Order had been engineered with bribery and blackmail. Gerard de Ridefort wasn't incompetent – far from it. Ridefort was a secret Muslim. So the strategic mistake that led to the massacre at the Horns of Hattin and the other failures of the Templars had actually been covertly arranged by Saladin's agents. And they had achieved their goals through sexual

seduction, blackmail and bribery. Saladin hadn't actually won through military tactics and force of arms. The Templars were superior when it came to those things. Saladin had won by using covert actions involving sexual seduction, blackmail and bribery.

After I read the real version of what had happened, it all actually made sense. I realized that much of what I had been taught in school was a watered-down version of history. After I read the book, the Baron brought me out of the library. He lectured me on the importance of using sexual seduction, blackmail and bribery to corrupt people. He said that he wasn't a real baron because he had no claim to nobility. People called him *the Baron* because he was a *robber baron*. He didn't create anything; he used manipulation and deceit to take from others what they had created. And he explained that the most wealthy people in the world create and preserve their wealth in this way.

In certain Islamic texts the Prophet Mohammed is said to have had carnal knowledge of his ten-year-old wife Aisha; this would be a fact appreciated by the Baron as he lectured me. Listening to him, I finally understood why the sex work done by children was so important to him. His power came in part from corrupting important men with sex. Most wealthy men could easily arrange sexual relations with desirable adult women. But in Christian society sex with children was taboo, which made it desirable to some men. But those men had difficulty arranging for pedophilic sex, so they had to go to someone like Bob to make such arrangements. And once a man was filmed having sex with a child, the Baron could control him with the threat of blackmail.

Satanism was important to the Baron because it eliminated Christian morality. And once morality was completely removed from the picture, the Baron's approach to wealth creation was perfectly logical. I began to appreciate that what the Baron had to teach me was more important than what Bob had tried to teach me.

Bob had a smaller, less impressive, secret library in the basement of his home, but I spent more time in Bob's library than I did in the Baron's library. And the books contained in Bob's small library were very revealing about the true nature of these secret societies. Bob worked for the Baron, but the Baron never paid Bob anything. The Baron would show Bob ways

that he could steal money, commit acts of fraud or acquire money through other illegal means. The Baron would specifically authorize Bob to take certain illegal actions to acquire money. And having gotten money through these illegal means, Bob had to give the Baron half of what he got.

One of his enterprises was that Bob sold child pornography to wealthy Luciferians around the world. His films and photos were of a high quality. Sometimes they sold for thousands of dollars. He kept these pornographic materials hidden in a room in his basement. Bob's basement appeared to be slightly smaller than his house. But on the north wall there was a shelf, holding tools. This shelf could be slid to one side to reveal a small room.

Hidden in that room were about a dozen or so books. These books were different than anything else I'd ever seen. The Baron was preparing me to work for him, and reading these books was part of my education. These books never had copyrights, and they never listed who had written them. They never named a publishing company, but they all had the logo of an owl on the cover or on the title page. These were technical volumes on how to commit certain crimes. After Bob showed me the room, I picked a book off the shelf. It was a book on how to bribe government officials. The first part of the book described the basic psychology and theory of bribery. But most of the book described actual case examples of how certain government officials had been bribed by Luciferian criminals. There were a number of techniques. First you would study the official and look for a weakness. If he gambled, you would arrange for him to lose everything, then you would come to his rescue with bribe money. If his marriage was unhappy, you'd arrange for a younger woman to seduce him, then he'd need extra money to support a mistress. Thus, a man would need your bribe money. There was case after case which gave detailed descriptions of various methods. I felt absolutely fascinated by this book.

From time to time Bob would take me to his basement and let me read one of these books. There were also books on robbery, blackmail and even murder; but the book that really got to me was the one on how to train a child to become a prostitute. Bob hadn't intended that I read that particular book. The title was *The Training of the Human Child Animal for the Purpose of Prostitution*. The basic theory was that children should be trained to perform sex acts the way that you would train a dog or horse to perform tricks. Part of the book had been written by an unnamed German

Nazi psychiatrist who worked in a concentration camp. This psychiatrist had apparently been brought into the U.S. through Project Paperclip. This section of the book was quoting from a classified CIA document. The psychiatrist explained how during the Second World War he had worked in a concentration camp. The camp's commandant had wanted a twelve-year-old gypsy girl trained to be his personal prostitute. The psychiatrist had the idea that he could use animal training techniques to train the girl to act out sexually with the older man. So the psychiatrist read books on animal training and adapted their techniques to training the girl. The rest of the book seemed to follow that theme. It suggested that it was best to not think of the children as human, but to think of them as animals to be trained the way that one might train a dog or horse. It quoted books on animal training extensively. It pointed out that the school of psychology known as Behaviorism had secretly been based on the idea that humans were animals that could be trained to behave in certain ways which were considered desirable to society. The book explained how affection and candy could be used as positive rewards and that pain or verbal manipulation of emotions could be used as punishments.

This book went on to describe the basic methods on how to acquire a child for training. One method was to abduct a child and hold him or her in a secret prison. Another method was to use MK Ultra to create an alter personality that could be used for sex. The book mentioned that sometimes there was a risk of fatality or insanity when this MK Ultra technique didn't work right. Finally there was a more complex approach, which the book considered optimal. This approach required that you identify a child with the right psychological makeup. He or she should be intelligent, quiet and have low self esteem. It would be best to find a child who was unloved by his own family. The child's trust should be gained by the trainer. A secret relationship with the trainer should be developed. The trainer should provide the love and attention that had been denied the child by his or her family. The book described various training methods that should be used in conjunction with hypnotism. Having a child role-play by looking at characters on TV was one of these. It went on and on explaining methods, all of which seemed personally familiar to me. This was basically the approach that Bob had used on me. When Shotzy's botched attempt at MK Ultra didn't work, the Baron had Bob use this method.

As I read this book I went from being fascinated to being shocked. I wondered why Bob had even let me read this book. Reading it was deprogramming me. I had always felt an uncomfortable bond with Bob. I was afraid of him, but I also felt that he cared about me. When I was sexually servicing men, Bob had been a role model, although he had clearly enjoyed the sex and I had hated it. When I had the epiphany one day that Bob was really my pimp and that I was really nothing but one of his whores, that made me want to distance myself from him. But I had always felt that he was protective of me, and I still felt a dependence upon him. Yet when I read this book, all of that changed in an instant.

I felt a sudden hatred for Bob. I remembered I had noticed that he had a handgun and ammo in this hidden basement room. I found it on a shelf and loaded it. My father, who was ex-military had shown me how to load and shoot a handgun when I was quite young. I fully intended to kill Bob. Then I heard a disembodied feminine voice that spoke to me. It firmly told me to “Stop!” I felt goosebumps go up my spine and knew that an invisible angel was in the room with me.

She said, “Think what they’ll do to your mother.”

I stopped. I realized that if I killed Bob, the Baron would have my mother killed and then he would torture me to death in some bad way. I unloaded the gun and put it back.

When Bob came back downstairs, he went into the room to get something and noticed that his handgun had been moved.

“Why did you touch this?” he asked.

I couldn’t tell him the truth, so I lied, saying, “I was thinking of killing myself.”

“You can’t do it. If you commit suicide, the Baron will have your mother killed. You know that. They’ll make it look like an accident or something,” he replied.

Then he looked at the table and saw which book I was reading.

“Oh crap,” he said, “I didn’t mean for you to read that yet.”

He told me that there was something that he needed for me to understand, but I would understand it better if I looked at a film. He quickly found a

film that was hidden in the room and set up his projector. He told me that the film was of him, his sister and his mother. He said that the man in the film was his father. We watched the film together. It was a black and white film with no sound and of poor quality. In the film Bob, or rather Bobby, and his sister as well as his mother were all wearing the same style dresses. His mother did a strip tease, then the sister mimicked her and then it was Bobby's turn. They were doing this in front of a naked man. The man got an erection and they all took turns servicing him. It all looked too familiar. And it was when I was looking at this film that I realized that Betsy was Bob's sister. It all made me feel horribly sick. Seeing the film made me feel like I had been just drenched in some horrible dark psychic energy.

"Why did you show me this?" I asked.

"I trained you the same way that I was trained. This book describes a technique for training a child prostitute, but I already knew that technique from personal experience. Only it was worse for me because it was my mother and father who trained me. I know that I'm some type of horrible monster. We Satanists, we're all monsters. But I feel bad that I hurt you. I know you wish that you didn't have to become a Satanist, but I don't think you can get out of this. The Baron wants you, Kathy. He knows how smart you are. When you get older things may get better. The Baron is grooming you to be in a position of power. You'll have more options then. Please don't kill yourself. I do care about you – even though I've made you do bad things. It's not your fault."

He seemed sincere about everything he said. My hatred for Bob somewhat subsided. I realized that it had been a mistake to have even thought about killing him. For one thing, the Bible says that we shouldn't murder people. If I had committed murder, I really would have become a Satanist.

He then told me that he was leaving town soon and wouldn't be back for a long time. The Baron had some new type of work he needed Bob to do. He was going to travel around the world on some type of mission. And this meant that I wouldn't be seeing him for several months. Although I didn't say so, I felt glad that I wouldn't have to be around him.

Bob also said that the Baron had some type of work he wanted me to do. Bob explained that I shouldn't be afraid of the work because it didn't involve sex or Satanic rituals. Bob said that there was a secret library to

which the Baron was going to send me. It was located somewhere in the Midwest. Nobody knew exactly where. There was a book there that the Baron needed me to look at. I felt interested in this prospect because I liked all of the secret libraries that I had seen. I thought that secret libraries were cool. So I liked the idea of seeing a new one. Bob told me when and how I should meet up with the Baron.

The secret library that the Baron needed me to go to was run by a unique group of heretical Marianists. They called themselves *The Gentle Followers of Mary*. I didn't know what a heretical Marianist was, but at least they weren't Luciferians. The Baron had arranged for me to have a sick day at school, and on that day he picked me up in his limousine. We sat in the back seat while his driver sped down the road. He rapidly explained the situation.

"These heretical Marianists have a secret library. I've tried to find it but they're too clever. They've a unique book, but they won't sell it. They're very eccentric about who they'll allow to visit their library. They won't let me or anyone who works for me in there. But they contacted me and specifically asked for you by name. They asked for the young man named Kathy. I don't even know how they know about you. These Gentle Followers of Mary are an ancient secret society. Once they had many hidden libraries around Europe, but now there's only one library left. Once their secret society was larger and more powerful but they're few in number these days. Yet they've a reputation for being devilishly shrewd. They're a matriarchal cult – the women are the leaders. I've tried every way I could to get by their security methods, yet it does me no good. These Marianist bitches are just too damn smart. So now you're the only way I can get into their library. And I've paid them a lot of money for this privilege. They have a lot of rules, and you'll have to obey them. But don't worry, they never hurt anyone. They actually believe in some odd form of Christianity. It should all be quite amusing for you. I look forward to talking with you when you get back."

I was given a notebook and some pens before being dropped off behind some trees next to a country road. There was a van behind the trees. The driver was a young man with a full beard, sunglasses and a cowboy hat. He told me that his name was James. I didn't know it at the time but we were destined to eventually become friends. But at the time we first met, I felt afraid of him. I could see the bulge of his shoulder holster underneath his

blue jean jacket. I knew I had to do whatever he told me. He had me take off all of my clothes and put them in a box which he hid next to the tree. I felt embarrassed and concerned that he might force me to do something sexual with him. But he only handed me a pair of white overalls and tee shirt, which I put on. He gave me slippers to wear, and had me step inside the van.

There were benches inside the van. And there was a woman and a man in there with me. They were dressed from head to toe in white. They wore carefully designed white cloth masks. There were no windows in the van, and I had no way of knowing where exactly we were headed. But as we drove there, the man and the woman explained about their religious group and the many rules for studying at the library.

First they explained what it meant to be a Maranist. They said they had nothing to do with the Catholic Church. They were followers of Mary the mother of Jesus. They were heretical because their beliefs went against the beliefs of orthodox Christianity. At first I didn't pay much attention to what they were saying. They seemed to believe that Mary the mother of Jesus was co-Messiah with Jesus and that God was both masculine and feminine. It became obvious to me after a while that they didn't want to have sex with me or kill animals in front of me or force me to worship Satan. They seemed harmless, so I relaxed.

The rules of the library were that I was to never try to figure out where it was located. I was to never try to figure out who the librarians were. I was to not smoke or eat anything while in the library. I had to follow any instructions given to me by any of the librarians. I couldn't bring weapons of any kind into the library. I couldn't touch any book unless given permission from a librarian. I had to sit where I was told and only go where they allowed me. There was no bathroom in the library, so if I needed to use the bathroom or eat food, I had to leave the library – accompanied by a librarian. And the whole time I was in the library, I must be accompanied by one or more librarians.

As we drove along, they served me some cake with chocolate frosting which tasted really good. And they gave me a glass of milk and an apple, all of which was produced from a cooler. They both seemed elderly and cheerful.

When we got there, they blindfolded me and guided me over to a small cabin. The cabin had no windows and was lit inside by a lantern. It stunk. On one side of it there was an outhouse built into it. I had been in outhouses before, but this was different. The cabin which held it was big enough that you could walk around inside it, and it had a water pitcher, basin and towels – all on a table. Over the table there was a sign inside a picture frame which said that anyone who would enter the library had to wash their hands first. I used the urinal, washed my hands and knocked on the door for them to let me out. The door had been locked from the outside. They came in and put the blindfold back on me. Then they walked me down a trail of some kind. They walked on either side of me holding my arms and giving me instructions when needed. They sang a little song from time to time as we walked:

All hail Mary, Queen of the Angels.
Hail Mary, Queen of the Angels.
Hail Mary. Hail Mary. Hail Mary. Hail Mary.

And this odd song would repeat on and on like that, as a chant. However, it made me feel calm, and although perhaps I should have felt afraid, I actually felt I could trust them. They radiated good will for me.

Soon we came to a place where we stopped. They knocked on a door and the woman said, “It’s us. Let us in. We have him.”

We walked inside, and I could hear the door shut behind us. They took off my blindfold. Even with their masks on, I could see that they were smiling in a friendly way. Their masks were very cleverly fitted. They were like hoods that fitted precisely over their heads. Their ears stuck out, there were large holes for their eyes, and their mouths could be easily seen. There was a big, elderly man who shook my hand warmly and welcomed me to the library.

The big man was called *Liz* for some reason. Around his neck he wore a cord which held a small wooden cross that looked swordlike. They referred to him as the guardian. He had a police baton which hung from his belt, and behind him was a gun case that held rifles.

His voice was deep and authoritative. He said that they believed their library to be a temple of the Supreme Goddess, Mary Christ Mother and

that I should respect that this was a holy place. I promised that I wouldn't give them any trouble and would do as I was told. He looked intently at me for a few seconds before giving me permission to enter.

The library was lit with electric lights and was very well built out of a combination of fine wood and rough lumber. We went down a long staircase, underground. I'm not sure how deep it was, but we had to be well under the frost line. It was cool in there and very dry. At the bottom of the long staircase was a table with a pitcher of water and several glasses on it. I was told that the only thing I could drink in the library was water and that this table was the only place where I could drink it. I drank a glass of water, and they led me into the main room.

The library consisted of some reading tables near the entrance and the rest of it was shelves with books on them. Reading lights were on the tables, but most of the library was dark. When they went to get a book they brought flashlights with them. There was a man in an expensive-looking suit reading a book. He wore a black face mask. A librarian sat near him. He briefly looked up at me then went back to intently reading the book.

The library had the feeling to it of being like a church. It radiated spirituality and holiness. It felt powerful and beautiful, but also a little dangerous. The librarian who sat across from the other reader carried a pistol in a shoulder holster. She was petite and elderly, but somehow I sensed that she could use that pistol if she had to.

They brought the book to me that the Baron had asked for me to look at. They said that the book was very valuable, old and delicate. They explained that this was the only copy in existence. I was not allowed to touch it, but they would turn the pages for me. They all wore tight-fitting white gloves. They explained that the cover of the book was made from human skin and that the spine of the book had been reinforced with human bone. They said that the name of the book was, *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*.

They put the book on a tilted stand in front of me and adjusted the light appropriately. It was all handwritten. The writing was beautifully penned in delicate flowing letters, but very hard to read. And although it was in English, the language was archaic. The librarians said that my time in the library would be limited and asked if I wanted help. I agreed and a woman sat next to me and started to read it out loud in a soft voice. She

automatically gave explanations when we came across any words that I didn't understand or phrases which might be confusing. It was as if she was reading my mind, knowing exactly my level of understanding. The first part of the book briefly made an account of the life of Susan the Poisoner. Nobody knew if this was a true story or a fictional story that had been made up. But they did say that there were a few other rare history books which spoke of a woman named *Susan the Poisoner*. Those other books said very little about the life of Susan the Poisoner, but nothing in those books contradicted what was said in this book. I quickly made notes as the woman spoke.

The story seemed to be set in England in the 1500's or 1600's. Susan had grown up in a village where most of the people were descended from Druids, but their families had long since converted to Christianity. Yet Druid lore was still well remembered by the villagers. One day, a group of witch hunters came to their village. They were led by a man wearing a bright red vest. The witch hunters began to falsely accuse innocent women of being witches. Those accused women were tortured until they confessed. Once they confessed they were burnt at the stake while the helpless people of the village were forced to watch. The witch hunters had armed men with them, and the people of the village could do nothing.

One evening, the mother of Susan the Poisoner was falsely accused. The interrogators were tired and decided to wait until morning to begin the torture. They tied the innocent woman to a chair, gagged her and left a guard to watch her through the night. He was warned to not look into her eyes lest she cast a spell on him. But he felt sympathy for her and took off her gag. She spoke to him trying to persuade him that she was innocent. He convinced her that he had no authority and could only follow the orders given him. She realized that he was a young man with no experience with women. She began to seduce him with her words. Soon he became filled with adolescent lust. He untied her and they had intercourse on the floor. But at the height of his excitement, the mother of Susan the Poisoner drew his dagger from his belt and slashed his throat deeply so that he could make no cry for help. Thus, she escaped.

She went to her home where her husband and children were being held prisoner, a guard at the door. But the guard was asleep. She quietly awakened her family and they fled. When morning came, the witch hunters

found that their man was dead and that the family had escaped. So they quickly gave chase. The family had a lead, but they couldn't run with their exhausted children. So the witch hunters rapidly gained on them as they followed their trail. As the family neared the thick woods, where they knew they could disappear without leaving a trail, they saw that behind them the witch hunters were rapidly closing in. The mother of Susan the Poisoner made a switch from a branch and beat her own children, driving them on quickly like horses. The family made it into the thick woods where they could easily hide by using their woodcraft. The witch hunters were not woodsmen, and they found that they could not weave their way through the thick brambles and bushes of the deep woods. So the witch hunters were forced to give up their chase.

But the problems of the family were just beginning. They had no food and only a dagger as a weapon. They knew the woods well, however. The father of Susan the Poisoner knew how to trap small animals, and they knew what plants they could eat. But they also knew they would eventually perish if they did not find help.

At first they prayed to Christ. But no help or comfort came. And it had been Christians who had falsely accused them. After all, Christ was the god of the witch hunters. Then they prayed to the ancient gods and goddesses of their ancestors. But those deities were long gone from those woods. One night a fierce rain came and put out their fire. They could not relight it and were starving and freezing. Finally young Susan the Poisoner renounced Christ as the false god who had inspired the witch hunters to commit their crimes against innocent women. As a child she had learned from the Bible that Satan was the enemy of Christ. Susan realized that she hated Christ because she blamed him for the crimes of the unjust witch hunters. So Susan the Poisoner openly praised Satan and worshipped him. She swore to Satan that if he would save her and her family, she would pledge her life to his worship and lead others to worship him.

Instantly, lightning came down from the sky and set a nearby tree on fire. Susan and her family went over near to the tree to get fire from it so they could light their own campfire. Then they saw that a stag had been hit by the lightning and lay dead at their feet. They brought back fire and the dead stag to their camp. They drank its blood. With the dagger they cut flesh from the stag and cooked it in the fire. They praised Satan as the true god as

they ate a communion feast that saved their lives.

Days after the storm they found a trail in the woods. They had wandered far from their village by then. They could tell that this was a trail which wagons sometimes traveled down when going from town to town. They prayed to Satan for guidance and he filled their minds with shrewdness. They devised a plan. The next group of wagons which came by found Susan the Poisoner on the trail crying. It was a group of wealthy travelers, well-guarded. She said that during her own family's travels they had been attacked by robbers and all of the others had been killed. She alone survived. She had wandered through the woods lost, until at last she found this trail. She had not eaten in days and was starving. The travelers, being good Christians, took her in. They fed her, but they did not think to search her. That night as they slept, they left a guard awake to watch over them. Susan waited until the night was deep and the snores of the sleepers could be heard. Then she went over to the watchful guard and said she could not sleep. She asked if she could sit with him for a while. He agreed. She sat up close to him. A small noise came from the woods. As the guard turned to look, Susan the Poisoner slashed his throat deeply with the dagger so he could not cry out. He died at her feet – the first of her many victims.

Her mother and father, who had been watching all along from the shadows, crept into the camp. They took the guard's weapons and, along with Susan, they first killed the sleeping guards – then the men – and then the women. Last of all they killed the children.

The story went on like that, with Susan and her family assuming the identities of the wealthy travelers and setting themselves up as respectable Christians. But always they secretly worshipped Satan. Thus Satan would give them shrewdness and they would kill a bunch of people in clever ways. Her speciality was poison, hence her name. I had the librarians skip to the end of the story.

The last part of the story was after Susan had risen to power by marrying into some lesser noble family. One day, the same witch hunter who had terrorized her village so long ago, reappeared into her life. Word came to her that a red-vested witch hunter had come into her territory. She said a prayer to Satan thanking him for allowing her to have a chance for revenge.

By this time in her life she was a married woman with her own children.

Over the years she had secretly developed a coven of Satanic witches. Each witch had sworn loyalty to her and would do her every bidding. Together, she and her coven devised a clever plan so that the witch hunter with the red vest was himself accused of being a warlock. The coven arranged events so that the red-vested witch hunter was himself burnt at the stake. Thus, Satan gave Susan her ultimate revenge.

I had enjoyed the story in some ways, but all of the vile hatefulness in it got to me. After a while, I realized that I had a headache. The rest of the book consisted of various ways to make and use poison, as well as a number of magical spells to evoke demons and control them to do your bidding. I didn't have time to make any detailed notes of the poisons or the spells. So I made some rough notes describing them briefly before it was time to leave the library.

Before I left the library, the librarians asked to see my notebook. So I handed it over to them. They took me, blindfolded, back to the strange outhouse cabin, which I used. Then they took me, blindfolded, back to the van. I waited in the back of the van for a while before they came back with the notebook.

On the ride back, two new chaperons persons, each dressed in white with masks on, were with me in the van. This was another elderly couple. They were very keen to tell me their spiritual beliefs. So I listened. They explained that they worshipped both Jesus Christ and his Mother Mary as equal Messiahs. They worshipped Jesus in a normal Christian Church, and they worshipped Mary in secret because most other Christians wouldn't understand. I told them that I liked the idea that God was a loving mother. The images of God which other Churches presented seemed to be either that of a wrathful judge or that of a torture victim. God as a nurturing mother figure seemed more positive. They seemed to approve of my attitude. They told me that they had the ability to evoke angels to protect me and help me in my life.

"Sure, go ahead," I said.

So they sang strange songs and said strange prayers as we rode along. But the praying and singing made me feel better. There had been some bad vibes to the book I had been studying – as if it were an evil and living thing. I had enjoyed hearing the story at the beginning of it, but it had still left me

with a bad feeling. But when they evoked angels to guide and protect me, I felt better.

When I was dropped off, the Baron was there to pick me up. I quickly changed back to my street clothes and James drove off in his van like a race car driver.

As we drove back, the Baron had me tell him everything. He seemed delighted when I told the story about Susan the Poisoner.

“Oh this is the book I’ve been looking for all these years. I know it’s the one,” he said.

What he really wanted was a detailed description of the spells at the back of the book, the ones for evoking demons. He said that he was going to send me back and that he wanted me to copy those spells, word for word.

So this began a pattern of me going back to the secret library again to make copies of the spells. And every visit required the same elaborate protocols for secrecy. The next time I went there, the librarians explained that the last time I had been there, one of them had studied my handwriting in the notebook before I left. Now he could imitate my handwriting perfectly. They suggested that he make the notes that the Baron wanted, that way I could spend my time in talking with them. Although I felt apprehension at the thought of what the Baron might do if he found out that I had deceived him, I decided that it was a reasonable risk to take. So I agreed.

They took me to the back of the library where there was a small door. You had to get down on your hands and knees to crawl through it. It lead into a tunnel with a carpeted floor. I crawled down the tunnel for what seemed like a long time. It opened into a large room. It was a secret chapel. The room was lit with dim electric lights. Above the altar was a painting of Mary Christ Mother, breast feeding the baby Jesus. It was an amazingly beautiful painting. It was very old, and the paint was cracked. The painting radiated spiritual power.

An elderly man walked up next to me as I gazed at it in wonder.

“You feel her presence too, don’t you? She is here with us.”

The chapel had chairs in it, and other people came in until there was eight of us. We sat in a circle in the chairs. The Followers of Mary were all

dressed in white with masks, except for James. He was as I first had seen him – cowboy hat, bushy beard and sunglasses which he never took off in my presence. Even with their masks on, I could tell that the librarians dressed in white were quite elderly. The exception to this was James who was closer to my age, but old enough to drive.

They talked about how their library came to be. They said that in medieval times the Church was burning all the books that had been deemed heretical. The Gentle Followers of Mary loved books and manuscripts, so they decided to save any books they could. Their secret society had been formed to save books. They didn't judge the goodness or evil of a book. Any book that the oppressive medieval Church wanted to burn, they wanted to save. So they took books from people who were afraid to own them for fear of being persecuted. Sometimes they bought rare books. Sometimes they stole them. And they hid the books in secret libraries where the cruel Inquisitors and witch hunters could never find them.

They showed me a copy of an old book. It was titled *The Miracles of Mary Christ Mother*. It told of the holy conception of Jesus and the pregnancy of Mary Christ Mother. And it covered the first two and a half years of the infancy of Jesus. According to the book, during that approximately three-year period, Mary, the mother of Jesus, could perform miracles. And the book told stories of those miracles. There was the miracle of tree branches which bent down to give her fruit. In another story an angry dog started to attack her and the infant Jesus, but she held her hand out and light rays came from her palm. Thus the dog was turned into a gentle pet. There were miraculous healings and other miracles. All of these miracles contained a moral lesson. And there were woodcuts depicting these miracles.

The Gentle Followers of Mary explained the real meaning of their group's name. The word "gentle" had two meanings. In medieval times it referred to someone of noble blood. So they weren't meek and mild; they were descended from nobility. But this wasn't just about bloodlines. They believed that all Christians and Marianists are the children of God, therefore all are noble in some sense. They also explained that the name Mary was meant to refer to both Mary, the mother of Jesus, as well as Mary Magdalene, who they believed to be the wisest disciple of Jesus. The librarians told me that many early Christians believed in both of these two Marys, but the Church discouraged this belief and burnt many books that

had been written about them.

During my visits, we would meet together in the chapel for a while and talk. Then we would pray together and sing songs of praise to Mary Christ Mother. My visits to the secret library went on like this. I would spend my time in the secret chapel talking with the librarians and James. And while we did that, another librarian would make the notes on those Satanic spells which the Baron had indicated. I came to realize that the librarians had arranged all this somehow so that they could have access to me. They didn't really care about the Baron and his money, they cared about me.

They liked the fact that my name was Kathy. They said that everyone in their secret group had special names which only the group members knew. James wasn't actually the name of the young man in the cowboy hat. They named him that after the famous Christian saint, *James the Just*. They explained that sometimes women in their group had secret men's names and that sometimes a man's secret name might be a feminine one. For example, the one they called Liz was named Elizabeth after Queen Elizabeth of England who was known for her shrewdness and strong will power. They said that in their group a feminine name for a man had nothing to do with homosexuality or cross-dressing. They gave a feminine name to a man, as a sign of respect, for him to be identified with Mary Magdalene, who they believed was the wisest disciple of Christ. All of this made sense to me and I listened intently.

One of the women commented that the name Kathy was derived from a root word which meant chaste and pure. I laughed sarcastically at that. Then I explained that I had been forced to periodically work as a prostitute for years. They were quiet for a minute. I thought that they were going to get angry with me for admitting this. But the woman named Thomas, who was their leader, explained something to me. She said that they all knew what I had been forced to do. They all were upset that I and other children had been harmed in this way. She explained that although they sometimes did business with Luciferians, they were really the secret opponents of Luciferianism. She looked at me with deep understanding and sighed. She said that I was not to blame for what I had been forced to do.

James said that there was a revelation that I should take from my name's meaning. I was Kathy. I was pure and innocent. This was my true nature,

and even the Satanists had unwittingly acknowledged this when they had named me Kathy. When this was explained to me, I felt relieved. This name which I had associated with shame for so many years suddenly became a name of pride. Although I wasn't officially a Gentle Follower of Mary, my heart was with them.

In my present day beliefs as a Christian I don't really think of Mary, Mother of Jesus, as a co-messiah with him. However, in truth, I never fully understood the philosophy of these Gentle Followers of Mary, but I was influenced by it in a positive way. At that time in my life I mostly thought of myself as an agnostic. At times I was tempted to accept Luciferian philosophy. But on rare occasions I did pray to Jesus. I reluctantly attended Church and read the Bible. But I didn't identify myself as a Christian. Eventually, many years later, I did come to fully accept Christ. And looking back, my experiences with the Gentle Followers opened me to that possibility. During my visits with them I developed a more positive spirituality. I came to pray more, conceptualizing God as a nurturing parent. It was significant that I had not been breast fed as a child, but with these Gentle Followers I worshipped in a secret chapel which had an image of Mary, the mother of Jesus, breast feeding her son. Somehow that painting seemed to heal my childhood deprivation. My prayers became deeper and more sincere. I learned how to pray to God and ask for angels to protect me. And when I wasn't at the library, when I was living my life as Kerth, I found that I started to actually enjoy it when my parents dragged me to Church. Still, there was an ongoing spiritual battle for my soul; yet I could feel the Baron's psychic grip on me lessening every time I met with these secret librarians.

During one visit I asked them why the Satanists were so obsessed with recruiting me. The Gentle Followers of Mary told me that they had researched my bloodlines. They explained that the Luciferians were interested in me because I was possibly descended from King Solomon. Also, I had a number of prominent Freemasons as ancestors. There are apparently certain magical workings that can only be done by a descendent of King Solomon. And many high-ranking Freemasons are Luciferians.

Also, the librarians explained that the Satanists had involved themselves in my parents' lives without my parents realizing this. It had been Luciferians who had introduced my mother and father to one another. And the

Luciferians had cast spells so that my parents had fallen in love. The aristocratic Luciferians like to mix human bloodlines together in much the same way that horse breeders mix together certain bloodlines. The Luciferians wanted to recruit one of my parents' children into the Society of Lucifer, but for various reasons, my other siblings turned out to be inappropriate for their purposes. However, before I had been born, my parents had begun to practice strict birth control because they didn't want any more children. So the Luciferians had decided to covertly engineer events so that my mother would get pregnant one more time. For astrological reasons, the Luciferians wanted the child conceived on Winter's solstice and born under the sign of Virgo. So my parents were invited to a fancy pre-Christmas party at the home of a wealthy Luciferian who was a friend of V.P.. This party just happened to take place on the night of the Winter's solstice. Aphrodisiac drugs were covertly put into my parents' drinks, along with other drugs to lessen inhibition. To make a long story short, their birth control discipline failed them in some way, or was sabotaged, and they unwittingly conceived me. My parents considered my mother's pregnancy to be unfortunate, but the Luciferians had intended that I be born.

Hearing this story upset me. It seemed that I had been bred and raised for a fate I didn't want. I told the librarians that I didn't want to become a Satanist. They replied that if I prayed to God for help, I could avoid becoming one. They said that all children are conceived by the will of God, and that parents are just the vessel through which God's will is done. They said that the Satanists hadn't created me, God had.

The Gentle Followers of Mary believed in reincarnation. They had some old manuscripts, and books that quoted older manuscripts, all of which confirmed that many early Christians believed in reincarnation. They believed that sometimes God would send some soul back to Earth, to serve some spiritual purpose. With the help of the Gentle Followers of Mary I began to realize that the true history of Christianity might be quite different than what my Sunday School teachers had taught me.

The librarians also had an old diary written by a Christian priest or minister. It contained a reference to Susan the Poisoner of which the Baron knew nothing. It told the story of a woman named Susan who was the head of a coven of Satanic witches. She was publicly accused of this. But she held

some claim to nobility so the accusation alone was not enough for the authorities to take action against her. So to prove that she wasn't a witch, she allowed herself to be publicly baptized. The authorities accepted this as proof, and after the baptism she was never accused again. But to her surprise, the baptism transformed her. She accepted the Holy Spirit and rejected Satanism, so she became a true Christian instead of pretending to be one. The author of this diary was a contemporary of Susan. And she had apparently confessed her whole true story to this Christian man. He had vowed to keep the confession secret, but had written it all down in his diary, nonetheless. The diary went on to say that she had managed to convert some of the women in her coven to Christianity, but others stayed as Satanists. The remaining Satanic witches took Susan's *Book of Shadows* and moved away to avoid conflict with their former coven leader. After hearing all this I realized that this was information that the Baron would not like to hear, so I decided to withhold it from him.

James was with me in the secret chapel during most of these visits. But one day, when I met with the others at the shrine to Mary Christ Mother, he wasn't there. On that day, they explained to me why he was so much younger than the rest of them. It was a long story, but basically it came down to this:

Years earlier they had decided that their secret society was to end. They got tired of dealing with dangerous Luciferians. So although some of their children and friends knew of the Gentle Followers of Mary, no new members were to be recruited. This went on for years, and the existing members became old. But a daughter of one of the members had a child. And on the night that child was born, several members of their group had the same exact dream. An angel came to them and said that a child named James was to be born. He would be the last of the Gentle Followers of Mary and he would be a prophet of God. They all seemed to believe that James was a prophet of God.

When I heard this I felt sorry for him. It seemed to me, when I was growing up, that the adult Luciferians I knew thought that I was going to grow up to be the Anti-Christ, or something like that. They thought that I would grow up to be some type of powerful Illuminati leader. I hated the expectations that all the Luciferians I knew had for me. I couldn't imagine how weird it would be to grow up being raised by people who thought that you were a

prophet of God. But James seemed normal. The librarians were kind people, even if they were a bit eccentric. So I imagined that James probably had a happier childhood than mine. And for all I knew, perhaps he was a prophet of God.

The last time I visited with them, they explained that the library was going to soon be closed. I was to be the last visitor. They were going to sell off some of the books to wealthy collectors. They were going to let James decide what to do with the books they didn't sell. He would preserve them and know what to do with them. James was destined to be the last of the Gentle Followers of Mary. I had come to realize that the librarians were doing something to resist the Luciferian secret societies. James was apparently involved with some secret groups which were somehow fighting against the Luciferians. The librarians had been freeing my mind from Satanism, teaching me to evoke the help of angels. Over time I had figured out that James had profound psychic abilities as did many of them. I fit into their plans somehow. But they would never tell me exactly how. But they did give me one warning. They told me that I must never attend the Marriage of the Beast. But they wouldn't tell me what that was.

The last time I rode back from the hidden library I didn't ride in the van. I wore my street clothes and was blindfolded with blacked out sunglasses. I sat in the passenger seat of James' pickup truck and we made small talk on the ride back. After he stopped by the old tree to let me out, he asked if it was alright with me if he dropped by to see me from time to time. I said I'd be glad if he did. I took off the sunglasses and got out of the truck. I could see the Baron's limo parked nearby.

The last thing James said was, "Remember... don't attend the Marriage of the Beast."

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## **The Marriage of the Beast**

I was fifteen years old when I next saw Bob. I hadn't seen him for more than a year and a half. I hadn't missed him. But he seemed different. Something had changed, but I didn't know what. For some reason, I didn't feel so much contempt for him. And I wasn't afraid of him. But I didn't



trust him. The time I had spent with the Gentle Followers of Mary had changed me. I prayed much more. I felt the presence of angels in my life. And my mind wasn't being manipulated by the Satanists. But I also knew that I was still in danger. Bob had arranged for a meeting, and I didn't feel that I could get out of it.

The first thing Bob asked was if I had actually seen *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*. I told him I had, and I told the story of the life of Susan the Poisoner from the book. He seemed entertained by the story.

He said that he'd been traveling around the world on a mission, doing work on behalf of the Baron. He didn't say what his mission was, and I didn't ask. He said that I had been invited to a party at the Baron's house. I replied that I didn't want to go. He said that I didn't have to worry. It wasn't going to be a sex orgy and there would be no Satanic Rituals performed. It was just a social event for Luciferians. I still didn't want to go.

So Bob showed me some photographs. They were photographs of me that had been taken without my knowledge. It was just me walking around on the street, but it meant that the Baron had me under surveillance. And there were surveillance photos of my mother. I felt the photos were intended as a threat. Bob then played a tape recording. It was disturbing. I could hear the voices of people in my home, my family, talking about things. It meant that the Baron had my parent's home bugged. I felt frustrated.

"Why is he so obsessed with me?" I asked.

Bob answered, "He thinks of you as a project that he's been working on for a long time. In some sense he feels that he's created you. He's taught you things. You know things. For Lucifer's sake, think about it. He showed you the entrance to his secret library in his home and even I don't know where that is. He's grooming you for a leadership position. He's not going to just let you go. But look on the bright side. If you play your cards right you'll be very wealthy and powerful. You can have anything you want. Men, women, cars, money, a big house – it's all yours. That's what he's offering."

I asked, "And he's going to give me all that at this party?"

"No. The party is just to get you seen by some important people. It'll be fun. There won't be any sex or animal sacrifices. Some of the people may be wearing masks. It's very dress up. You'll have to clean up and wear nice

clothes. If the Baron decides that you're acting appropriately for this crowd, he'll announce that you're to be initiated. This is an honor you can't really refuse. But hells bells, you'll have it made. Once you're initiated he'll show you how to make money – the Luciferian way. You're destined to be a wealthy man. But nothing will happen at the party. The actual initiation won't happen for a few months yet."

Bob gave me instructions for when and where I was to be so he could pick me up. The party was a few days away. At that time in my life I didn't really have nice clothes. Any suits that I had owned, I had outgrown. My friends in school mostly wore old blue jeans, tee shirts and tennis shoes. I looked in my closet at home for something appropriate. I eliminated all the beat up blue jeans and such. What was left was clothing which I mostly didn't wear because it was so out of fashion. There was a white Nehru jacket that my mother bought me on sale after such jackets went out of fashion. People in India still wore them. This was a jacket which had an odd collar that stood straight up. And it fit me well. I had a pair of purple bell-bottomed trousers that were skin tight except at the bottom where the pants legs flared out. I had a flowered hippie shirt of the type that nobody wore anymore. And I had a pair of big black boots that pulled on. I realized that the people at the party would probably be middle aged Luciferians who wouldn't realize that these clothes were all out of fashion. They might actually think I was hip.

On the day of the party, I lied to my mother, telling her that I had a date with a girl from school and would be out late. I took a bath and washed my long shaggy hair. After it was combed out, it looked alright. The clothes fit, and when I looked in the mirror, I thought they sort of looked good on me.

I walked some blocks away to the place where Bob was to meet me. When he showed up he got out of his sports car to look me over. He was dressed up in women's clothing – doing his female impersonation thing. When he was in men's clothing he was Bob. When he wore overtly sexy women's clothing he was Bobby. When he actually tried to pass as a female, he was Roberta. So tonight he was Roberta who wore more tasteful women's clothing. He was short and petite, and if he wore just the right clothes and had just the right padding and make-up, most people would think he was female. At least they would if they saw him at a distance. After he got out of the car he put his hands on his hips – looking me over.

In a bitchy feminine voice he said, “You’re not really going to dress like that?”

It seemed odd to me that he would say that, considering that he was dressed up like a woman. But Roberta knew a lot about fashion. He observed that what I was wearing might have been fashionable if we were going to a party in California about two years earlier. He complained some, but it was decided that I didn’t have time to change and I didn’t anything else to change into. A group of guys in a car cruised by and whistled at him, thinking that he was a woman. Roberta waved back flirtatiously. I knew that this was going to be a really weird night.

I put on the blindfold sunglasses, because I still wasn’t allowed to know where the Baron lived, and we took off. When we got to the house I took off the blindfold glasses. I still felt nervous about how I was dressed. The people I saw going into the party were dressed in expensive clothing of the latest fashion. But I couldn’t help but to notice that none of the other men were really dressed like me at all. I felt out of place. The butler at the door was checking names on a list. But when he saw me and Bob, he waved us in, knowing who we were.

Once inside the Baron greeted us. He kissed Roberta on the cheek and complemented his dress. He looked me over with a big smile on his face.

Finally he said, “I love it. You’re dressed like a hippie guru pirate. How marvelous. I knew I was right in inviting you here tonight. You’re most welcome.”

Roberta took my arm as if he was my date, which felt weird, and we walked into the main room together. Some of the men at the party were dressed like women, and some of the women were dressed like men. Some of the people wore masks – but others didn’t.

I didn’t know if I’d fit in, but the Baron came over with a group of people. He told them that I’d actually seen the one true copy of *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*. They were all impressed. The Baron made me tell the story of Susan. I told how her mother was falsely accused of witchcraft and how she escape the witch hunters. I told how Susan converted to Satanism and was rewarded with lightning that gave her family fire and meat and so on. I told the whole bloody story. Everyone seemed

fascinated and I felt accepted.

When all the guests had entered the mansion, the Baron had them gather in the large ballroom on the first floor. He had a young man, a young woman and me stand in front of this crowd, which consisted of a few dozen well-dressed people of different ages. We were clearly the youngest people there. The young man was dressed in black and had on a black Zorro-like mask. The girl was dressed in red and had a similar red mask. The Baron introduced those two by their Luciferian names.

Then he pointed at me and said, "And, of course, you all know our Kathy."

I felt confused by that statement because I didn't recognize anyone other than the Baron and Roberta in that crowd, but then it occurred to me that everyone there had looked at the pornographic pictures and films that had been made of me. Many of the men and women were staring at me with lewd smiles on their faces and I felt embarrassed. But I smiled back at them anyway.

Then he said to the crowd that in a few months on September 8th, all three of us were to be initiated and that we would soon be a part of their group. The small crowd politely clapped. And some people came up and shook our hands.

The young man and woman in masks went over to thank the Baron.

Roberta prompted me, and I went over to thank the Baron also. But in my mind I felt completely confused. My thoughts were clouded. I really didn't fully understand what had just happened.

Then, in a booming voice, the Baron said, "All of you are to make yourselves at home. Enjoy yourselves. Let the party begin."

In most respects it seemed like a very normal upscale party. There was live jazz music, food and wine. Some people were dancing. A woman dressed like a man asked Bob if he wanted to dance and they took off to the dance area. A short busty woman in a mask, who was already drunk, started flirting with me, and she was very entertaining to talk with. I drank a little wine and started to feel good.

But after about twenty minutes the party was interrupted with a scream. At the back of the ballroom there was a large picture window that looked out

onto the Baron's expansive back yard. The woman who had screamed was standing by the window and pointing at something in the yard. When I ran up there I saw that there was a dead woman hanging from a tree branch in the yard. There was a ladder leaning up against the tree. Her feet were still kicking some.

When the Baron saw this he looked shocked and said, "Oh my God, it's Daisy."

Roberta keenly looked out at the dead woman swinging from the branch and then back at the Baron who looked shocked. Roberta looked over the faces of the frightened guests. Smiling, he looked at me and winked. Then he started to laugh in a feminine high-pitched voice.

He said, "Oh Baron, you wicked old trickster. You had me going for a minute there. This is just another one of your famous practical jokes. Well I have to admit it. You got me with this one."

The other people started laughing too. The Baron started laughing also. He explained that it was just a realistic dummy he put up there and that he was glad that everyone at the party were good sports.

When the laughter died down, Roberta took me by the arm and said that he wanted to show me a beautiful painting in the other room. Some of the people at the party looked at us with lewd expressions, perhaps assuming that we were a couple going to the other room to have a moment together.

But when we got away from the crowd, all of Bob's feminine impersonation disappeared. He hiked up his dress and began to stomp away quickly down a hallway. His high heels clacked angrily as we walked along. I wasn't certain what we were up to and I fell behind. He yanked the wig off of his head.

He looked back at me and in a masculine voice said, "Come on, damn it, we've got to get that thing down before the other guests suspect something."

Bob barked some orders to a couple of butlers and they took off. Bob brought me out to the multi-doored garage at the side of the mansion. He opened one of the automatic doors. After a while two butlers came back carrying a corpse, and another butler had joined them who was carrying the

ladder. They laid the body on the floor of the garage and Bob shut the door. The dead woman had on a dirty dress and there were bruises on her face and legs. There were track marks on her arm where she'd been shooting up heroin. Bob knelt before the body, and checked for a pulse.

When he realized that she was dead he looked at the corpse and said, "Oh Daisy, you crazy old whore, why'd you have to do this here?"

Bob looked over at one of the butlers and said, "I believe you know the man who we call *Ole Jack*. He's one of the guests here tonight. Find him, bring him here but don't tell him anything."

The butler nodded his head and went off as instructed. I felt horrified as I looked at the dead body on the floor. The entire time that I was standing in the garage bay with the corpse, I felt frozen with fear. It was all that I could do to keep from vomiting. I had trouble breathing. I had to concentrate my thoughts so that I would not pass out from fear. But Bob and everyone else acted perfectly normal as if dealing with a dead body was nothing more than an inconvenience. Soon the butler came back accompanied by a middle-aged man with a rugged face. Ole Jack whistled when he saw the dead woman on the floor.

"Poor old Daisy," he said with a frown.

"We've got to get rid of this. We could bury it below the frost line in a park. Or I know a funeral owner with a furnace for cremations. He can be bribed to let us use it, but he's in another state," said Bob nervously.

Ole Jack put his thumbs in his belt in front of him and said, "Don't get your panties in a bunch my friend. We'll just move her body and hang her up somewhere else. Then we'll let the cops find her elsewhere. It was a suicide after all. So it can just be a suicide somewhere else."

The Baron came in suddenly and said, "Oh dear! Daisy you poor fool. What have you done?"

There was real sadness in his voice.

The Baron looked at Ole Jack and said, "I've been giving her small amounts of money for years, ever since she stopped being useful for my purposes. She's been whoring on her own. But she's no beauty anymore, so there's no money in it. Anyway, not enough to afford her habit. She asked

for more money from me the other day and I refused. I guess this was her revenge. What are we going to do, my friend? I simply can't have a scandal."

Ole Jack said, "Don't worry boss. I have a plan. We'll just take the corpse elsewhere, hang it up on a different tree and make an anonymous call to the local police – reporting a suicide. But we have to be careful where we string her up. There'll be an autopsy. And anyone doing the autopsy who isn't completely incompetent will know that she's been moved."

"How?" asked Bob.

Ole Jack replied, "I don't want to go into the technical explanation, just take my word for it. But the good news is that I know a medical examiner who does all the autopsies for a rural district. I've bribed him before and he's not too greedy. I'll call him and make a deal with him. We'll string the old girl up somewhere in his district, make an anonymous call to the cops, they'll call him in and he'll make the report we want."

"Sensible plan," said the Baron.

"What I need from you is something with her handwriting on it, so I can forge a suicide note."

The Baron said, "I may have an old letter of hers right here in the back of this garage."

The Baron took some of his butlers to the back of his large multi-car garage to a place where there were boxes neatly stacked up on shelves. He had the butler's remove a couple of boxes and bring them around to where the body was. The Baron found a letter in one and gave it to Ole Jack.

Ole Jack told one of the butlers to find the beat-up van that the gardener used and to park it near the garage. When it arrived, Ole Jack had the butlers empty out everything in the van directly onto the driveway. Ole Jack neatly folded the rope that was still around Daisy's neck, and coiled it up on her stomach. Bob took off his high-heeled shoes and helped Ole Jack load the body in the van. They did this in such a workmanlike way that I had the feeling that they'd done this more than a few times before. Ole Jack found a canvas tarp in the pile of stuff unloaded from the van. He covered up the corpse. He looked through the pile and picked out an old beat-up jacket and sweater. He also found a couple of beat-up baseball caps and some gloves.

He took off his bow tie, white dinner coat and ruffled shirt – leaving only his white tee shirt, pants and shoes.

He said to one of the butlers, “I’m going to need your help. We’ll stand out, driving that heap, if we’re wearing fancy get-ups.”

The butler stripped off his coat and shirt as well. Ole Jack and the butler put on the old clothes and hats. They loaded the ladder onto the rack on top of the van. Ole Jack got in on the driver’s side and the butler climbed in the passenger side. They sped off purposefully.

The Baron spoke to Bob saying, “You were grand back there by the way. You covered that perfectly making the guests think that it was a practical joke. Quick thinking my friend. Do you think that any of the guests suspect anything?”

Bob replied, “Even if they do, they’ll never talk. They’re all loyal to you.”

“Yes I know, but the fewer people who know a secret the less likely it’ll be revealed. I think I’ll go back to the party and gauge the mood of the crowd.”

The Baron left with the two other butlers. I looked over at the boxes that had been opened. There were framed pictures in one of them. I picked up one of the pictures. It was a picture of Daisy when she was a teenage girl. She looked very different than the ravaged old woman who I’d seen dead on the garage floor – but I could tell that it was her. In the picture she was wearing a white dress and smiling sweetly. Her eyes were clear and reflected a sharp intelligence. I found another picture of her as a young woman. She was nude with her hands on her hips. Her body was thin, voluptuous and beautiful. She looked like a goddess and her smile was radiant. I picked up another framed picture and it shocked me. In it she was nude and reclined on a small couch – her legs spread apart. Two figures in black robes with hoods were holding a goat upright in front of her. The goat was having intercourse with her.

I asked Bob, “What the hell is this?”

After glancing at the picture briefly Bob smiled wryly and said, “Oh, well, I guess you’ll find out this September at the initiation.”

“What initiation?” I asked.

“The initiation into a global Satanic religious organization. Remember – the



Baron just announced that you're to become an initiate."

"I told you I don't want to join. Oh God, I shouldn't have come here tonight."

"Listen, I don't blame you for not wanting to join. I wish I never had. I wish I could leave. But you know too much. The Baron will never let you go."

"There's got to be some way out of this," I pleaded.

Bob looked around the garage nervously and in a soft voice said, "Look, I don't want to talk around here. The walls have ears. But I'm going away soon on a type of retreat. I'll be gone for a while, but I'll be back a couple of days before the initiation. I can't guarantee that I can get you out of this, but I may know of some way to help you by then. So just don't freak out on me. If you commit suicide or run away, the Baron will kill your mother. So prepare yourself for the possibility that you may have to go through with the initiation."

"What's the initiation going to be like?"

"It's about the marriage of Satan with his Church. You're to become a member of his congregation."

"What?"

Bob pointed at the picture of Daisy having intercourse with the goat.

He said, "That's the whole point of this ritual. The woman represents the congregation of Satan and the goat symbolizes Satan himself. This is a magical working."

"What do they call it?" I asked.

Bob replied, "The Marriage of the Beast."

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The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner

As the weeks went by and the initiation day came closer, I became more nervous. I had no way to contact James, and he hadn't contacted me. Bob

was gone somewhere and I had no communication from him. In those days I really didn't know James very well, and I didn't really trust Bob. So I felt I was all alone. I felt completely conflicted and terrified. And I had nobody with whom I could talk. In earnest I prayed to God to show me a way to get out of attending the Marriage of the Beast initiation ritual.

Some other things had happened over time to make me more resistant to the idea of becoming a Luciferian. From about the age of fourteen when I stopped doing sex work for the Baron, I also stopped seeing Bob on a regular basis. I went over to Bob's house a few times to study his secret Luciferian books, but he spent little time with me. And then, when he went on his international mission for the Baron, I didn't see him at all. I only saw the Baron briefly and infrequently. I stopped socializing with Luciferians when I stopped seeing the Baron and Bob. So I had a period of approximately two years where I had little contact with Luciferians. And I realized that I felt better about life when I wasn't around Luciferians.

Another thing that had changed was that after the Baron stopped having me do sex work, he also stopped arranging for business to be sent to my father's business. I remember hearing my father complaining to my mother that his business was drying up. But he had been a combat officer during the war and he was not a quitter. So around the time when I was fourteen years old, he started hustling to create new clients for his business. This meant that on some weekends he had to drive out of town. He didn't like being alone, so he started taking me on these business trips. We had never been close at all growing up. At one time when I was younger I had wanted to have a closer relationship. And we did have fun on summer vacations and such. But I wasn't used to being around him for long periods of time where we would talk.

When, as a teenager, I started to be with my father more, it changed things. Spending time talking with him gave me another impression of what it was to be a man. The Baron, V.P., Bob and Freddy really weren't good role models for what it meant to be a man. OK, sometimes Freddy acted decently, but technically speaking, she wasn't a man. When I was younger, my father and I hadn't really bonded emotionally. My father would lecture me on all sorts of things, but he never listened to me much. And the truth was, that at the time I was born, he really would have preferred that I had never been born, and he told me this often enough. So it seemed that we

were never going to bond as father and son. And I never did feel close enough to him to tell him what was really going on in my life, with the abuse and all. But I did come to like him, if not as a father then at least as a friend of sorts. And spending time with him gave me a sense of what it would be like to be a normal man. My father liked adult women and they liked him. His sex life was normal. His sex drives were normal. Other men thought that he was a good guy. He worked hard for a living. He supported his family. He wasn't a criminal. He was kind to animals and never physically hurt children. He was a lot closer to "normal" than the Luciferian men I knew. And "normal" looked a heck of a lot better than the insanity of Luciferianism. After spending time with my father and not spending time with Bob, I really got to a place where I didn't want to be initiated into a Luciferian cult. I wanted out.

I had a terrible nightmare one night about a week before the initiation day. The nightmare was extremely vivid and emotional. I found myself naked standing in a dark hallway. There were about twenty plaques on the walls on either side of the hallway. When I looked closely at one, I saw that it was a man's genitals which had been mounted on a wooden plaque the way a hunter might mount an animal's head on a plaque. The penis on each of these mounted genitals was erect. I looked at another one of these erect penises and noticed that it was hooked to one side. Immediately I recalled the penis of a man who I had sexually serviced along with Bobby and Betsy when I was a child. It was the same penis. On another plaque there was V.P.'s small circumcised penis. Another plaque held the Baron's monumental uncircumcised penis of which he had been so proud. I realized that I was looking at the severed genitals of every man I had been forced to have sex with as a child. This horrified me. I had serviced some of these penises on multiple occasions and some of them only once. But I recognized them all with a feeling of both revulsion and terror. I felt that I was looking at the faces of monsters that had once tormented me. And I recognized those ghastly faces with surprising clarity. I noticed that there was a black door at the end of the hall. I could hear muffled screaming coming from behind the door. I began to walk toward the door past the plaques which held the severed genitals. I was walking robotically and had no control over my movements. I felt more and more terrified with each step but could not stop walking toward the black door. It opened as I approached it, and I robotically walked into a large room. Once the door

opened the screaming was no longer muffled – and it was deafeningly loud. There were about twenty tables in the room, and a man was chained on the top of each one. The chains that held down each man were very elaborate and were completely immobilizing. I saw that each man was missing his genitals, and where his genitals had been, the skin had been sewn up with rough stitches. Sitting at each table was a humanoid reptilian creature. These reptilians had scales covering their skin. They had eyes that looked like snake eyes. Their mouths smiled with sharp teeth and their fingernails were sharp like claws. They were slowly eating the flesh of each immobilized man. The men who were being tortured in this way had looks of absolute terror on their faces and howled with pain. Their bodies were in various states of consumption so that their bones and internal organs were exposed. At one end of this room was a black throne, and upon it sat a larger reptilian who looked like the others. But he also wore a black crown and had two horns that seemed to grow out of his head. He gestured with his hand for me to come forward to him. Although I wanted to run away, I began to robotically walk toward him. In front of his throne was a wooden chopping block on a small table. Stuck in it was a cleaver knife. I found myself pulling the knife out of the chopping block. I still had no control over my actions. I laid my genitals down on the chopping block. I raised the cleaver up in the air and to my horror began to strike downward to cut off my own genitals. But the second before I severed my own genitals, I woke up from the nightmare screaming. I was sweating and my heart was pounding so fast I thought it would burst.

I got up and went out to a screened-in porch. I prayed to God over and over again until the sun came up. I knew I had to do whatever it would take to get out of attending the Marriage of the Beast. Sleep-deprived and desperate, that day I deliberately injured my foot badly, so that I had to go to the hospital. I intended that the self-injury be perceived as an accident. Bob had said that the initiation always took place on the same day every year. So I realized that if I was in the hospital on initiation day, they couldn't initiate me for another year. It wasn't a perfect solution, but it would buy me time.

What happened was this. A friend of mine from school named Rich Winkel came over for a visit. He knew nothing about Luciferianism or my problem. He took my parent's riding lawn mower and started cutting the grass in the

backyard. The grass shot out from a hole on the side of the mower. I could see the blades spinning in there. I felt hypnotized by the spinning blades and the sound of the mower. Before I could change my mind I kicked my foot underneath the lawn mower. Rich was immediately shocked when I did this. I heard an ominous “thunk”, and I knew my foot was badly injured. I started to hobble toward the drive way. Rich turned off the lawn mower.

He ran over to where I was with a look of horror on his face and asked, “Why the fuck did you do that?”

I didn’t answer his question at that time. I told him to get my parents. And he ran to get them. They were shocked and worried. My father sped me to the hospital. My big toe had been cut off completely and two other toes had been partially severed as well. A relative, hoping that the doctors might be able to reattached the severed toes, picked them up from the lawn and put them in an envelope. She brought them to the hospital. But the doctors there were busy with another patient who was worse off than me. They stabilized me and set me aside. The pain was intense and they were afraid to give me pain killers for some reason. By the time they got around to me, it was too late to think about reattaching the toes.

The doctors patched me up as best they could, but when the day of the initiation came around I was, thankfully, still in the hospital. As I lay on the hospital bed I remembered my nightmare about the Reptilians and how in the nightmare I almost had cut off my own genitals. The nightmare was a vision of hell. If I had been initiated into Satanism, I would have been in some type of hell. In order to escape going to hell, I had cut off my toes. In some ways it seemed like I had made the better choice. But this was something I couldn’t explain to anyone else. I had hurt myself worse than I had intended, and I was in a lot of pain. But I felt relieved that I had avoided attending the Marriage of the Beast.

I told everyone that it was an accident. But Rich Winkel who had been there knew that it was not because he had seen me deliberately stick my foot under the lawn mower. But we didn’t talk about this. I didn’t want to explain why I did what I did, and he didn’t push to find out.

We remained friends after high school, and decades later he became an expert at deep politics. He came to understand how much of the corruption in our society works, but he always seemed to feel that there was some big

piece of the puzzle that he was missing. Decades after the lawn mower incident, one day when we were talking, Rich asked me why I had deliberately stuck my foot in the lawn mower that day so long ago. I told him all about organized Satanism among the wealthy and how I was avoiding an initiation ritual. By then Rich knew enough about the corruption in our world to believe me, but the revelation disturbed him. And he would ultimately become an important political activist who speaks out effectively against the Illuminati. He became the founder of a political radio show called Thought Crime Radio. He's no longer involved with that radio program, but he still manages the website ThoughtCrimeRadio.net.

However, back when I was a teenager, when this incident happened, I knew that I could not tell anybody. If I tried to explain the real reason I had injured myself, nobody outside the Society of Lucifer would have believed me. And my secret hope was that the Baron would not see through my deception.

Several months later, after I had recovered enough and was able to walk again, Bob contacted me. When I met with him, James was with him. James was carrying a wooden box. It seemed strange that they were together because I didn't think that they knew each other. Bob explained that he was no longer loyal to the Baron and that James had talked him into doing things which would help undermine the Baron's power. It turned out that James was more than just a member of a secret society of heretical Maranists. He was one of a group of leaders in a resistance movement against the Luciferian secret societies. And Bob had decided to join this resistance movement.

It took me a while to take all of this in. It was hard to believe that someone who was so enthusiastic about being a Satanist would suddenly turn against it. But I had mixed feelings about Bob. He had exploited me in terrible ways. Then again, at times he had expressed contempt for Satanism and what it had done to his family. As I talked with James and Bob, I realized that Bob may have gone through a change. I remembered how I had been changed by my time with James and the other librarians. There had been a shift in my spiritual consciousness, and perhaps Bob had experienced some similar spiritual awakening.

Bob expressed concern about how I had injured myself, and said that he

knew that it wasn't an accident. He also said that the Baron didn't believe that it was an accident and was angry with me. He said that I had to go to the Baron's estate and meet with him and two representatives from the Committee that oversaw this secret Luciferian religion. If they didn't like what they heard, they might have me killed.

Unlike Bob, James was impressed by what I had done. He said that painful as it was, it was worth such an injury to avoid attending the Marriage of the Beast. He believed that Satanic rituals did a damage to the soul that was harder to heal than damage to the body. James had brought me something which he believed might help me to survive the Baron's anger. He had brought me the only existing copy of *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*.

I looked in the box, and there it was. It made goosebumps raise up on my spine to see it again. James and Bob had worked out a strategy which they believed might save me. But I had to confront the Baron. If I ran away, the Baron would kill my mother and make it look like an accident. If I went to the police and tried to talk about criminal Satanism, the Baron would kill my whole family and when he got around to killing me it would be in some way that was slow and painful. The police wouldn't believe me anyway, and the only thing that would come of it would be that the Baron might have to send Ole Jack around to make some bribes. If I went before the Baron and the two Committee representatives, I might be killed. But the Baron had also been fond of me – so if he did have me killed it would probably be in a way that wasn't too imaginative – something quick and straightforward. I thought about the book that was in the box, and I realized that it might be my salvation, so I agreed to take the risk and go see the Baron with Bob. James would wait elsewhere to find out the results after I was judged by the Baron.

When we got there, Bob and I were brought into the black basement by two armed men in masks. The Baron had on a black robe with a hood, as did the two other men who sat on either side of him. I held the wooden box in front of me, thinking that it was like a shield that might protect me.

In a booming voice tinged with anger the Baron said, "What have you to say for yourself?"

James and Bob had me memorize what they wanted me to say to the Baron,

and they had coached me on how to make my statement properly. I bowed my head slightly looking at the Baron's feet instead of his face.

In a calm but respectful voice I said, "I know that I have offended you and for this I apologize. I make no excuses. But I also know that I must make atonement. So I have brought you a gift, something I know you desire."

The Baron gestured me forward and said, "Bring it here, although I can't imagine what you think I desire which I do not already own."

I handed him the box. He looked at the brass label on the cover which read *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*. He pulled his hood back, knelt on the floor and opened the box. Gently he removed the book examining it. He carefully opened it and begin to slowly turn the pages. He gasped.

He said, "By great Satan's balls! You did it! You brought it to me. This is it. This is really it! I can't believe you got it away from the librarians."

Then he looked up at me sharply and asked, "Tell me the truth, for I will know if you are lying. Was it a woman or a man in their group who fetched this from their library for you?"

"It was a man," I answered honestly.

The Baron laughed heartily and said, "Oh Kathy, you horny gay vixen. It would be a man. Some latent homo who couldn't resist your charms. So you seduced the book away from them, and thought to keep it for yourself. But now you realize that you must quench my anger. And that you've done. So be it, if I can figure a way to spare your unworthy life, I will do so."

The Baron had assumed that I had used gay sex to get a male librarian to steal the book for me, so I didn't enlighten him. Sex had nothing to do with why James gave me the book. But it was better if the Baron assumed that I was gay rather than for him to know that I simply hated Satanism.

The Baron carefully set the book back in the box. As he did this the expression on his face was like that of a loving mother setting her baby into a crib. Clutching the box with the book in it to his chest the Baron sat back down.

He asked to see my injured foot. I showed them. One of the sadistic Satanic Committee members with him became sexually aroused when he saw my injury. He lifted his robe and displayed his erection. The two Committee

members chuckled at the sight of my injuries. But the Baron looked sad.

He said to me, “Oh, my lad, I had such high hopes for you. You would have made such a wonderful Satanist. But you threw it all away because of silly superstition. You turned your back on greatness and glory.”

He looked over at Bob, who came forward.

The Baron said to him, “This still leaves me with the problem that he knows too much to be an outsider. And without him accepting the initiation and making the oaths of secrecy, we simply cannot trust him.”

Bob said, “I have a solution to that problem. You remember that I told you about that couple. Those scientists who are experts on human memory. They were involved for years in one of the MK Ultra research projects. They are initiated Luciferians, respected members of the Society of Lucifer. They can help us and are willing to do so.”

The Baron said, “They can erase his memory?”

Bob replied, “I promise you they’ll take care of him, and you’ll never hear of him again.”

“Do you guarantee this promise with your life?”

“I do,” said Bob.

“Very well then, leave and take him with you. See that he never returns.”

As we turned to walk away, I heard one of the Committee members ask the Baron in a hushed tone, “Isn’t that the book that was used by that ole coven that evolved into the Dark Mothers coven?”

The Baron replied, “Yes. It was lost and they’ve spent decades searching for it. When I present it to them, they’ll finally have to invite me to one of those magnificent orgies they hold in that fancy Belgium castle.”

Bob and I left, and I never again saw the Baron or his mansion. And I was glad of that. After we got a little ways away from the estate, Bob told me that I could take off the blacked out sunglasses. For once I wasn’t blindfolded and could have memorized the way to the Baron’s estate. But I didn’t. I was just glad to be away from him.

As we drove along, I said to Bob, “I don’t want my memories erased.”

Bob said, “Don’t worry, these people that I mentioned won’t erase your memories, they’ll help you. These scientists I spoke of to the Baron are secretly allied with James. You can trust them.”

Upon hearing this, I felt better. I trusted James. If these people were his friends, I believed that I would be safe with them.

It had still been daytime when we visited the Baron, but dusk was approaching when we met up with James again. Bob had driven in an insane way for the last hour, shaking off any tail which the Baron might have sent to follow us. We met James at a park and sat together at a picnic table and talked. Storm clouds were approaching in the distance.

Bob explained that during the recent months, his sister and he had been at a retreat run by James and others who were opposed to the Luciferian secret societies. Bob had come to realize that Luciferianism was a system of mind control and that he had been brainwashed since childhood. When he had been at this retreat, they had deprogrammed him.

During that year and a half, when he had been traveling and I hadn’t seen him, he had seen things which had caused him to become completely disillusioned with the Society of Lucifer. The Baron had sent him on behalf of the Committee to document in film the rituals and practices of Satanists in secret societies around the world. These were Satanic groups which were in some way under the control of the Committee. But they didn’t all have the same practices. So Bob made a record in film of all their various practices.

Bob explained that he was chosen for this mission because he had become famous in the Committee for his pedophiliac movies. Bob’s movies and photos were popular with the Committee members and their friends. Bob had carefully studied the filmmaking process and took his child porno films seriously. Many in the Committee, and other wealthy Luciferians around the world, considered him to be a film artist. They felt that his films were of exceptional quality.

All his talk of child pornography made me feel sick to my stomach, especially because I had been forced to star in some of those films. When Bob talked with a sense of pride about how his films were admired, I could see anger in the eyes of James, but he said nothing. He let Bob go on

bragging.

Bob explained that with introductions and letters of authority he went to Satanic group after Satanic group and filmed their practices. According to Bob, these practices varied greatly. Satanism has been around for much longer than what most people in mainstream society understand. But until fairly recently, Satanists have maintained their secrecy. And different groups have developed different practices. Some are very conservative and ritualistic. But in California, fueled by LSD and other drugs, Satanic practices sometimes had become very bizarre. Bob had seen things that had shocked even him. There were groups that had practices involving extreme violence. And some wealthy aristocrats in Europe were eccentric in their love of cannibalism.

Bob had faithfully filmed all this as if nothing bothered him. But inside he felt as if he was losing his mind. A Satanist friend of his had sensed that Bob had become disillusioned with the Committee and the Society of Lucifer. This friend was a part of a resistance group that was trying to change the Society of Lucifer. Bob contacted this same resistance group of which James was a member, and Bob spent time at a place called *The Retreat*. It was a place where persons who had been subjected to Luciferian abuse could go to get therapy. The Retreat deprogrammed Satanic cult members. Bob had gone there and had developed a change of heart about Satanism. Obviously he was still insensitive on the issue of child pornography, but I could tell he had changed somehow.

James wanted me to receive therapy that would help me overcome the trauma of my years of child abuse. In talking with him, I realized that this would probably be a good thing. They told me that they wanted to arrange for me to meet with a married couple who had developed an advanced form of therapy. I agreed.

Both James and Bob talked of the importance of maintaining the secrecy of the Society of Lucifer. Although the Baron had officially pardoned me, he still had my parent's house bugged, and would have me under surveillance from time to time. If I went public with what I knew about Satanism, it would do no good, and probably get me killed. As well as this, secrecy was necessary to protect James and his resistance group from the Committee. James and Bob explained to me a set of protocols for arranging meetings

with them and ways of contacting them. They repeated the protocols over and over until I had them memorized.

James said that the resistance group working against the Society of Lucifer had a symbol. He hadn't chosen it, but others liked it. It was the astrological symbol for the planet Jupiter. According to an old myth, the ancient god Saturn was in the habit of killing his own children. But Jupiter was one of the children who had escaped that fate. When he grew up, Jupiter had defeated evil old child-killing Saturn. So that's why Jupiter became the symbol of the resistance.

As I sat at the picnic table with them, I saw that in the approaching storm clouds there was an occasional bolt of lightning. We counted the seconds between seeing the flashes and hearing the thunder. The storm was still far away. I asked if Jupiter was one of those old gods who threw lightning bolts around. James said that the old myths described him that way.

I thought of Susan the Poisoner. She had prayed to Satan and he had rewarded her with lightning that gave her family warmth and food. The Christian witch hunters of her time murdered innocent women in the name of Christ, and Satan was the enemy of the witch hunters.

Susan had merely worshipped the enemy of her enemies.

I thought about how the theologically-correct name for God doesn't matter so much. It's what you feel in your heart and your gut that tells you who your God really is. You worship the God who brings down lightning to save you.

The Luciferians of my time murdered innocent people just as the Christian witch hunters of Susan's time murdered innocent people. I worshipped God, and he gave me lightning in the form of inspiration. He inspired me to injure myself, and that got me away from the Satanists from whom I had been trying to escape since childhood.

Although I was out of the hospital, my injuries hadn't completely healed, and never would. I could still feel the dull throb of pain from my amputated toes, and I rubbed my foot.

James said, "I've heard that an animal caught in a trap will sometimes chew its foot off to escape. That's like what you did."

I nodded with understanding and felt I was lucky.

That day sitting there with James and Bob, I thought about how strange it was that I was now a member of a resistance group that was somehow opposed to the Society of Lucifer. Everything had changed for me with the speed of lighting, just as it had changed for Susan. Although she had been a Satanist for much of her life, I felt some empathy for her. After all, my life had just been saved by *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*.

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## **Resistance through Therapy**

For me, resistance began by healing myself, and the people who taught me how to do that were a married couple. I'm going to call them *Mr. and Mrs. Fabian*, although that wasn't their real name. They didn't consider themselves to be the leaders of the resistance, but in a sense they were the heart of the resistance.

They were members of a secret society which they called *the Illuminati*. They had joined the Illuminati when they were young and idealistic. They had believed the Illuminati was going to create a utopian, one-world government. They had an idealistic conception of what that world government would be like. They were imagining a modernistic version of *Plato's Republic*. If you ever read the H. G. Wells book, *New World Order*, then you have some idea of what they were conceptualizing. This would be a scientific, secular paradise. There would be no war, crime or poverty. Everyone would believe in the same philosophy. But to create this utopian paradise, they would have to help undermine the sovereignty of nations like the United States. This might require some hardship on the part of the American people, but when they succeeded, the Illuminati would create something like a United Nations for the entire world. Only enlightened and educated people would be allowed to vote in this global government. The economy would be socialistic. And everyone would live happily ever after. That was their unrealistic dream. But in other ways they were quite intelligent.

After WWII, the Fabians had been recruited into one of the many MK Ultra research projects. They had degrees in psychology and the sciences. They

felt lucky that they were going to do advanced research into the human mind. They believed that MK Ultra mind control could be used to reprogram people to make them better. They thought that it could be used to erase an insane personality and to reprogram the individual with a new, rational personality. They thought that it could be used to reprogram the minds of criminals so that they would become law-abiding citizens.

However, after years of working within the Illuminati system, the Fabians realized that it was completely corrupt. Some of the Illuminati leaders practiced hard-core forms of Satanism. There was child abuse, cannibalism, animal sacrifice and even human sacrifice, going on among some of the members of the Illuminati. Also, the Luciferian secret societies that were controlled by the Illuminati and which served the Illuminati were really just criminal organizations. And some of these groups were practicing bizarre Satanic practices involving child abuse and violence. The idealistic Fabians came to realize that the real goal of the Illuminati wasn't to create utopia; the real goal of the Illuminati was greed and power. And the Fabians came to realize that the MK Ultra mind control techniques weren't curing insanity. They were driving people insane and wrecking their health. So the Fabians became disillusioned with the Illuminati leadership and the Committee that ran the Luciferian secret societies.

Mr. and Mrs. Fabian were good-hearted people. They felt bad about having been involved with something that hurt people. They were motivated by a sense of morality. They wanted to reform the Illuminati, making it less corrupt and they wanted to heal and deprogram the victims of MK Ultra and Satanic Ritual Abuse.

The Fabians were part of a reform movement within the Illuminati whose members used the astrological symbol for Jupiter as their logo. Although James worked with people in that reform group, he wasn't trying to reform the Illuminati, he wanted to deconstruct it. He had his own followers, people disillusioned with Luciferianism who had converted to Christianity. Although the Fabians were not Christians, they still trusted James. And James talked them into moving further and further away from the authority of the Illuminati leadership. Without permission from the Committee, the Fabians started healing and deprogramming people. The Fabians were really geniuses. And the Illuminati appreciated how smart they were, so they did have permission from the Committee to do research into the nature

of the human mind. Also, the Illuminati leadership did want to have the ability to repair the minds of persons subjected to MK Ultra mind control, just in case they needed some of those persons later on. However while the Committee members thought that the Fabians were working for them, Mr. and Mrs. Fabian would come to undermine the authority of the Committee.

Actually, I wasn't breaking any of the Committee's rules when I agreed to go into therapy with the Fabians. Two representatives of the Committee were with the Baron when he authorized Bob to send me to Mr. and Mrs. Fabian. Although the Baron was hoping that they'd erase my memories, he hadn't actually demanded that. He simply agreed with Bob that sending me to these people would be a solution, so that I wouldn't have to be killed.

When I first met the Fabians, I didn't care about their personal philosophy or their politics. I only cared about the fact that they were helping me. I didn't really care about why.

They believed that persons suffering from trauma-based mind control needed a special approach in therapy. So their system of therapy was different than conventional therapy. They had a secret compound located in a rural area called *The Retreat*. There, they could help people like Bob and his sister who had been brainwashed with Satanic abuse. I never went to The Retreat, but I did talk with some people who had, and they said it was a place of profound psychological healing.

But the Fabians also had a small treatment center near where I lived with my family. They didn't have an office in a building the way most conventional therapists would. They had a house in the outskirts of the city. But it wasn't the home that they lived in. I never saw their home. Their treatment center was a suburban ranch house with a large yard, and they used it exclusively for therapy and research.

I never knew where the treatment center house was exactly located because, whenever I was taken there, I had to wear wraparound sunglasses which had been blacked out as a type of blindfold – which was the standard procedure for anyone involved in Luciferian secret societies or the resistance. Of course, I had become resigned to that sort of thing. But this time, instead of being blindfolded so that I could be taken to a place of abuse, I was being blindfolded to be taken to a place of healing.

The Fabian's therapy sessions tended to be four or five hours long. So they were much more intensive than conventional therapy. Therapy would begin around 11AM. An hour or so later we'd break for a while to eat a light, vegetarian lunch. After this, the Fabians would lecture me on basic principles of their unique approach to therapy, while I would listen and take notes. Then we'd work on various therapies until about 3PM or so. The amount of time we spent was flexible and the therapies we used were unique.

A typical therapy session would go like this:

I would arrive by bus at a shopping mall and wait in the parking lot for Mr. Fabian. He would pull up in his car. The license plate on the front of the car would have been covered with splattered mud so that I couldn't see it. Mr. Fabian would greet me in a friendly way and we'd shake hands. I'd show him what was in my pockets, and he'd briefly frisk me to check for weapons. One of their rules was that clients could never carry weapons to the center. Once in the car, I'd put on the blacked out sunglasses. And we'd chat a little as he drove. He usually asked if I was feeling good and was ready for treatment – which I always was. Then he'd play classical music on the radio and we'd drive in silence. He never played pop music. He felt that classical music was better for setting up the mood for therapy. When we reached the center, I'd take off the glasses and he'd frisk me again, this time more thoroughly. These types of security procedures were used on all their clients because some people who have been subjected to trauma-based mind control actually have the potential to become violent, until they're stabilized. Also the Fabians were both experts at martial arts and could actually handle any client who might lose control and become violent.

After the final frisk we'd go inside. Mrs. Fabian would greet me warmly and we'd shake hands. Then the three of us would sit in the living room. They'd have a pitcher of water and glasses on a table and we'd sit around and chat for a while. At first, we'd make small talk. Mrs. Fabian might talk about what she'd done with the garden in the yard. And I might briefly talk about what was going on in my life: if I'd read any good books and so forth.

Then we'd go into what they called *the Preliminaries*. The Preliminaries were the issues that had to be addressed before going into the main therapy



session. When I first was in therapy with them they'd always hook me up to a lie detector machine while doing the Preliminaries, but when they became convinced that I was always committed to being honest with them, they stopped using the lie detector. Another reason they used the lie detector machine was that some of their clients had multiple personalities; and the primary personality didn't always know the things that his alter personality had done. So the lie detector machine could tell if an alter personality had done something which the primary personality didn't know about. But eventually the Fabians came to realize that I didn't have an alter personality and that I was committed to always being honest with them, so after a number of therapy sessions, they decided to stop using the machine during the Preliminaries.

During the Preliminaries, Mr. Fabian would ask a series of question from a list. My recall of the questions were that they addressed issues of health and well being. These would be questions like:

- Did you smoke marijuana at any time during the last two weeks?
- Did you consume alcohol at any time in the last 36 hours?
- Did you have any unpleasant reactions to the last therapy session?
- Have you made any major changes in lifestyle since the last time we met?
- Have you been ill since the last time we met?
- Have you had an episode of emotional distress since the last time we met?
- Have you been the victim of violence since the last time we met?
- Have you committed an act of violence since the last time we met?
- Have you committed any crimes since the last time we met?
- Have you had any social problems since the last time we met?
- Have you had a serious life problem since the last time we met?
- Have you formed any new relationships since the last time we met?
- Do you have any issues that you need to address before we go further into therapy?

When I would answer “yes” to any of those questions, the Fabians would go into a dialogue with me about it. These discussions would take varying amounts of time. The first two therapy sessions that I had with the Fabians, we mostly just dealt with the Preliminaries. By the time that I started therapy with the Fabians, I had become a somewhat troubled young man. The years of abuse had taken their toll on me. I sometimes got in fights with other boys. I sometimes committed acts of vandalism. I sometimes stole things. My relationships with other people tended to be troublesome. I often got in trouble at school. I drank alcohol sometimes. I was beginning to experiment with drugs. I was a typical juvenile delinquent. The Fabians felt that they had to help me to stabilize my life before we started the deep therapy techniques. And that’s what the Preliminaries were for: to help the client deal with real world problems and stabilize.

The Fabians’ approach to therapy was that you were responsible for your therapy process and that they were there as your teachers and guides. They made it clear that they weren’t parental figures and that they wouldn’t put up with childish behavior. The attitude was that we were all adults and would communicate as adults. There had to be mutual respect. And full cooperation with the therapy process was demanded from the client. The people who saw them were usually desperate for help, so they usually got cooperation.

The Fabians didn’t want any money for the therapy. But they made it clear that if you healed enough and became fully deprogrammed from the mind control, they expected you to pay them back by joining their resistance movement. And this is something I was willing to do.

They had certain rules about drugs and alcohol. The client had to be sober on the day of the therapy session and was not to drink alcohol for 36 hours prior to therapy. The client was not to have smoked marijuana for a two-week period prior to a therapy session. The client was not to drink caffeinated beverages in the morning before therapy, nor was the client allowed to drink caffeinated beverages during a session. They discouraged the clients from experimenting with any hard drugs.

I had problems with those rules because 1) most of the other teenagers I socialized with drank alcohol and smoked pot, 2) I knew many people who experimented with other drugs, and 3) I sometimes experimented with other

drugs myself. But I wasn't in therapy with the Fabians all the time. So I managed to work out how to be as clean and dry as I needed to be, in order to be in therapy with them.

What the Fabians called *the memory system* is all of the mental functions which in any way relate to any type of memory. Much of their therapy approach consisted of rehabilitating the memory system. They considered that the experience of trauma causes the memory system to become dysfunctional.

Another principle they believed in was that personality and memory are related. Persons who suffer from Multiple Personality Disorder are really suffering from Dysfunctional Memory-System Disorder. So by healing the memory system, many of the personality problems of the individual are solved.

Many other forms of therapy do also address memory, but the Fabians' approach was different. They believed in avoiding confrontation with memories containing trauma. They believed in an indirect approach in rehabilitating the memory-system. They would perform a deep analysis of happy memories which did not contain trauma. This would cause a slow and subtle rehabilitation of the memory system.

Persons who have experienced intensive trauma are different than persons who come to therapists with ordinary issues of depression or neurosis. If the therapist tries to directly contact the memories which contain intense trauma, this can re-traumatize the client. The client might become violent in session or become suicidal. This also may create a destabilization of the client's personality which makes their general lifestyle impossible. Some therapists use hypnosis to try to reach and heal trauma-based memories. But the Fabians felt that hypnosis should be avoided because it sometimes results in confabulation, whereupon real memories can be confused with imagination. To contact a painful memory with hypnosis is still a re-traumatizing of the client, and they were careful to avoid that. Although they understood hypnosis, they rarely used it except to help stabilize a client's life. So the Fabians developed a different approach to dealing with clients suffering from trauma-based mind control.

Another principle they operated on was the belief that the subconscious mind contains wisdom. They believed that if you do things to generally

rehabilitate the memory-system, the subconscious mind will release an awareness of the painful memories into the conscious mind at a time and in a way that the client could accept, without being re-traumatized. And they assigned various practices, which the client would do as homework, which would assist in this process.

Of course, some painful memories inevitably came up during the Preliminaries, but those painful memories wouldn't be deeply analyzed. During the Preliminaries they used talk therapy to help the client deal with the issues in his or her present-time life, but they wouldn't dwell on painful memories during the Preliminaries. For example, after one of their questions during one of the Preliminaries, it came up that I had recently argued with one of my girlfriends who I was dating. We didn't analyze the argument or my bad feelings about the argument. They talked with me about strategies that I could use to get along better with my girlfriend. And when I felt that the issue had been adequately addressed, we went on to something else. They strongly believed that the deep analysis of memory was only to be used in happy memories.

This deep analysis of happy memories was structured in a useful way. For example, when I was first working with the Fabians, they were concerned about my juvenile offender issues, such as getting in fights, stealing, and drinking alcohol. So the happy memories that we choose to do a deep analysis of were of times when I enjoyed being non-violent and at peace. We also did a deep analysis of the times when I enjoyed being in a store without shoplifting, and the times I had fun when I was sober. This was an emphasis on the positive behaviors that they wanted to reinforce rather than an emphasis on the negative behaviors they wanted to decrease or eliminate. And this approach tended to work very effectively.

Sometimes during the therapy session, the client would have a realization or epiphany. This would be when you suddenly figured out something important about your behavior. For example after doing a deep analysis of a happy memory of my being in a store without shoplifting, I realized why I had been stealing. During the times when I was being trained in Luciferianism by Bob and others, they always criticized Christian values, especially the Ten Commandments. They said that Christian morality weakened you and that Satanic rejection of Christian morality made you strong. So subconsciously, I got the idea that if I stole things, this would

violate one of the Ten Commandments and that would make me strong. Of course this was an insane idea which was being held on a subconscious level of mind. So when I became conscious of my motivations, I rejected that unconscious belief. And once I had that realization, I never shoplifted again.

If, during the therapy session, a client became upset because a memory of trauma had been somehow triggered, the Fabians would always bring the client's attention back to the present time. They would never let you get stuck in a memory containing trauma. They would call you by your full name. They would state the present date and time. And they would have you look around your present time environment. They might even make the suggestion verbally, "Be here now."

When I was first in therapy they asked me what my name was. This was a common practice because they often deal with people who had multiple personalities and they wanted to know who they were dealing with. When they asked me, I replied that I was Kathy.

We had a discussion about this. They decided that I didn't have multiple personalities, but I did have moments of unconsciousness which I couldn't remember. Also I had a great deal of sexual trauma which I could remember. Finally they agreed that Kathy was a part of my name. It was a nickname. I had a full legal name, which was on my birth certificate – first name, second name and last name. But I also had a nickname. They asked if I used the name Kathy because I identified myself as being a Luciferian, and I said "No." I told them that Kathy was the nickname I used when I was doing something that had to be kept secret. And we had agreed that these therapy sessions were to be kept secret – so I was Kathy. My reasoning made sense to them. After that, they always called me Kathy. To my way of thinking, people in the resistance calling me Kathy was like Alice Cooper's rock fans calling him *Alice*.

The Fabians considered identifying your true name as being very important to what they did. This was because persons suffering from intensive traumatizing experiences often have identity issues. Not all such persons have multiple personalities, but there were lesser identity issues.

I certainly did have some serious issues concerning my identity. My main issue centered around whether or not I was a Christian or a Luciferian. And

that issue was never completely resolved in the course of Fabian therapy. It took more than therapy for me to figure out that one. Some time after I ended therapy with the Fabians, I had a born again experience. I had a dream where I witnessed Jesus Christ and Satan playing a chess game for my soul. This experience was intensely emotional. Jesus won the chess game, to my profound relief. When I awakened from that dream, I realized that I had just become a Christian. But earlier in my life, during the time that I spent with them, the Gentle Followers of Mary had helped me to make a spiritual breakthrough. Yet they weren't exactly traditional Christians. And my only contact with any of them after their secret library closed was that I saw James on rare occasions. Most of the people in the Fabian's resistance group still thought of themselves as Luciferians, but they considered themselves to be reformed (Jupiter) Luciferians. So some philosophical conflicts remained during the years prior to my Christian conversion. But many of my other problems were resolved in the process of the Fabian's therapy.

The Fabians also believed that the therapy relationship was both a professional relationship and personal friendship. This is a different approach than most ordinary psychologists use. The typical practice for ordinary therapy is that the therapist asks questions and listens to the client, but the average therapist does not reveal anything personal. The Fabians, however, would talk about themselves at times. They felt that it was important that you know some things about your therapists. They believed that the impersonal communication of ordinary psychology caused transference. This is where personalities or experiences from the client's past are transferred into the present time of the therapy session. An example of this might be, if a woman had an issue with her father and she started to think of the psychologist as being her father. In ordinary psychology, that might be alright, because if the therapist recognizes it, then ordinary talk therapy could deal with it. But in dealing with the victims of trauma-based mind control, transference could be deadly. This is because such victims have been repeatedly tortured. A transference where the client suddenly saw the therapist as a torturer could be a disaster.

The rule that the Fabians worked with was that the client would always stay in an awareness of the present time, except when we would do a deep analysis of a purely happy memory. So the Fabians avoided the temptation

for the client to go into transference by having a personal friendship with their client. This did not mean that you hung out with them after therapy. This meant that they treated you as they would a friend and they expected the same from you. Victims of trauma-based mind control need to feel this type of connection. The Fabians didn't want to be your only friends however. They wanted to help you to make other friends as well. And the victims of trauma-based mind control often have problems making friends.

The Fabians would share things about themselves with the client. They would listen to you and get to know you, but they would also insist on telling you things about themselves. They were careful to not reveal certain things. They didn't give out their real names. They didn't talk about their families. They didn't let you know their home address. But they did talk about their personal philosophy in life, what kind of music they liked, what kind of food they liked and things like that. If you spent time with them, you knew who you were talking with and they knew you.

These sessions followed a pattern. First there would be the Preliminaries. That usually lasted until around noon or so. Then we would eat a light vegetarian snack. Then they'd explain some basic psychology to me while I took notes. After that we'd walk around the backyard and look at the garden and trees. If we talked at all during this walk, it would be small talk. After that, we'd go inside. Mr. Fabian would sit by himself for a while in a room where he'd listen to soft classical music and drink herb tea. While he was relaxing, Mrs. Fabian would do stretching exercises based on yoga, and I would mimic her moves. She would never do moves that were too hard for me, although she was an advanced yoga practitioner. The physical mimicking was part of the therapy. Victims of trauma often feel that they've lost control of their bodies. By mimicking physical gestures made by a therapist, you restore your feeling of being in control of your body. Also this tended to make me sensitive to my physical feelings. After this Mrs. Fabian would go into her office and do research while Mr. Fabian worked with me. At that time he would direct a deep analysis of a happy memory. Then when that was done, the three of us would walk around outside for a while and talk about how we felt about that day's therapy session. Sometimes we'd sit around the living room and they'd lecture me some more on principles of psychology and explain other therapy methods. Then Mr. Fabian would drive me back to my bus stop.

They dealt with me intensively for over a month. I had been very unstable as a person when we started. But I was much more sane, stable and happy by the time we stopped that first round of intensive therapy. There were issues of sexual orientation that were not completely resolved through the process of the Fabian's therapy. But I did attain a greater peace of mind. I became more functional in society. Not all of my issues had been dealt with, and I would go in and out of therapy with the Fabians over a period of more than a decade. During that time I also worked with persons involved with the resistance.

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The Rise and Fall of Jupiter

Mr. Fabian once told me that he believed that Stanley Kubrick had known about this Jupiter resistance movement and had made reference to it in his movie 2001. The story I heard, is that the original script had the film's dramatic ending take place in Saturn's space. This would have meant that in the movie when the space child is born (symbolizing the birth of a New World Civilization) he would have been born in alignment with Saturn. And Saturn is a symbol for Satan. The famous Luciferian, Sir Arthur C. Clark, intended this ending. But Kubrick made up excuses to change the ending of the film to Jupiter's space. In an old myth, Jupiter is described as the defeater of Saturn and the founder of a new, more just civilization. So Kubrick, who knew about the Illuminati, was making a defiant statement by having the space child floating around in alignment with Jupiter.

Back when the movie 2001 first came out, the only thing I thought about it was that it had cool special effects. Many decades later I came to understand the complex symbolism in the movie, and I can understand why Mr. Fabian looked at the movie as an affirmation of the Jupiter resistance movement. I point this out because, when I was young I didn't fully understand what was going on with the resistance. I knew that I wanted and needed the therapy that was being given to me by the Fabians, and I knew that the people who identified themselves with the symbol of Jupiter were somehow trying to stop the organized abuse of children, so the resistance was something I wanted to support.

Only now, many decades later, do I understand what was really going on. V.P., Shotzy, Bob and Ole Jack all worked for the Baron. And he worked for something called *the Committee*, and the Committee answered to the Illuminati leaders. Luciferian secret societies have been around since ancient times. The real purpose of these secret societies is to make sure that the wealthy aristocrats remain wealthy and in power. These Luciferian secret societies all know about one another, but some of them are somewhat independent of one another. The Society of Lucifer is a name for all the secret societies from around the world when thought of collectively. But they've never been completely unified. The Illuminati has the goal of unifying all these secret societies to create a single, all powerful world government. The Committee ran and coordinated the activity of many of the secret Luciferian societies around the world. In those days, the Committee pretty much dominated the secret societies in the U.S., Europe and the Middle East. Mr. and Mrs. Fabian were members of the Illuminati, and they were doing research work for the Illuminati. So they outranked the Baron in some way.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Fabian joined a resistance group within the Illuminati. And these Illuminati reformers liked the symbolism from the old myth of Jupiter. These Illuminati members in the resistance were not trying to destroy the Illuminati. They were trying to bring about a change in the Illuminati's policies. They were hoping to reform the Committee. They wanted to reform the criminal secret societies managed by the Committee. The Illuminati's goal always has been to remain invisible to the public while it slowly takes over the world. The Jupiter resistance group was still committed to that goal. They just wanted to make the Illuminati into a realization of their utopian ideals. They wanted to get rid of the MK Ultra abuse, the child prostitution and the violent Satanic Rituals practiced by some groups. The reform leaders like the Fabians wanted to standardize Luciferian ritual practices. They wanted to eliminate things like the blood rituals and the sex magick. Many young people who are recruited into the Illuminati are idealistic. When they are recruited they are told that the Illuminati has an idealistic goal. When the Illuminati takes over the world, then, supposedly, they will create utopia. But that's just a Big Lie told to the new recruits. The truth is that the real leaders of the Illuminati are hard core Satanists. Their goal is to destroy the natural world through geoengineering and to destroy the human race, replacing it with intelligent dehumanized

creatures of some kind. But most of the members of this Jupiter resistance group simply did not understand this. They thought the Illuminati could be reformed so that it would live up to its idealistic recruitment propaganda.

So this resistance movement was rather limited in scope. There were five main activities that I was aware of: therapy, information dissemination, organizational activities, an underground railroad for escapees, and enforcement of secrecy.

There was the therapy being done by the Fabians and others who they trained. They had sophisticated systems for healing the victims of MK Ultra and Satanic Ritual Abuse. And they helped dozens of people that I know about. They saved my sanity.

There was a type of informational function that some of the resistance members served. Not all Luciferian secret societies are the same and not everyone in the Illuminati is the same. Then, there are people who are not officially in the Illuminati, but who work for it and are aware of its goals. The phrase “New World Order” refers to the goal of the Illuminati, and many of the global elite who serve the New World Order were also idealistic and naive. And these idealistic globalists were unaware of the extremes of abuse, mind control and violence being used in some Luciferian secret societies. Bob and others tried to reach out to these naive idealists to educate them about what was really going on.

Resistance members involved in these activities would meet in secret and try to organize and coordinate the activities of members. I attended one of these organizational meetings and most of the time was wasted as people argued about who should be in charge and who should be allowed to speak. And this lack of clear leadership was a serious problem.

James was involved in a kind of underground railroad to help people escape from the Illuminati system. He would take willing persons, into The Retreat where they could be deprogrammed. The Retreat was organized and funded by the Fabians, but they let James manage it. They rarely went there themselves. And so once someone graduated from The Retreat, James sometimes would relocate them, helping them to create new lives and new identities. Some who were healed by The Retreat went back to work for the Illuminati. Bob’s sister started a new life, whereupon she married and had children. Bob, no longer loyal to the Illuminati, went back to work for the

Baron, to secretly betray him. And James made this sort of thing possible.

Ole Jack joined the resistance and he became a kind of enforcer. His job was to discourage any of our members from blowing the whistle on what our resistance group was doing. He was never authorized to kill anyone, but he could have his men beat up someone if they threatened violence against someone else in the resistance. He had ways of bribing and blackmailing anyone who became a threat to security. But mostly he used his knowledge of human nature to reason with people.

Ole Jack was a very pragmatic man. He wasn't a child molester or a sex pervert. He never attended the orgies or the rituals. He had attended the Marriage of the Beast initiation ritual, but he really didn't believe in Satanism. The Baron put up with this lack of Satanic faith in him because he needed Ole Jack to run his organization. Ole Jack didn't worship Satan or practice the occult. He was an atheist who looked to science for answers. He became a Luciferian for the money. Over time he began to think that it might be a good idea to reform the overall Illuminati system, so he joined the resistance. Eventually, he and I became friends.

He liked to rib me about my name in a good natured way by saying things like, "You know, Kathy, you're one hell of a man."

Ole Jack was a very down-to-earth person, so I was surprised one day when he told me what he thought Satanism was really all about. He said that he thought Satanism was about extraterrestrials who were hostile to humanity. Some of these aliens were impersonal Gray aliens, some were Reptilians and some were bizarre mutant creatures. He believed that the Reptilians and Grays had visited the Earth in some type of spaceships in the past, and possibly occasionally in the present. He also believed that most of their aggression upon the people of Earth was psychic attack done remotely from other planets. The demons were the astral bodies of hostile aliens, and the angels were the astral bodies of friendly ETs. So Ole Jack believed that the Jupiter resistance movement was fighting in a psychic war against space aliens. That was Ole Jack's theory. I don't know if his theory was true, but I thought it was the coolest theory anyone had come up with. He was extremely intelligent and well read. He had studied the issue for a long time and thought about it deeply, and that was his conclusion. I've never come across any information that disproved his theory, and I've come across a lot

of information that says he was correct.

All I know for certain is that God is real, Satan is real, the angels are real and the demons are real. Exactly what the angels and demons are, I don't know. But I do know that God is loving, wise and powerful. I'm with God and those angels who are loyal to God.

The philosophy of Mr. and Mrs. Fabian was atheistic. But they were also very open-minded and expansive in their thinking. They never tried to impose their beliefs on others. They were aware of the research that was going on in those days concerning psychic ability. They had studied materials from the Star Gate Program and the Stanford Research Group, as well as classified materials from other psychic research projects that were never publicly revealed. The Fabians believed that psychic abilities were real. They believed that all humans were psychic on a subconscious level of mind, so that a subconscious psychic connection among all individual human beings had resulted in a collective unconscious. This collective unconscious is an interconnected matrix of all human thought. The Fabians believed that there are basic mental constructs by which all humans understand reality; they called these "archetypal symbols" and they believed that these existed within this collective unconscious. They believed that God, Satan, angels and demons were all archetypal symbols within the collective unconscious. They were atheists because they believed that it was humanity who, subconsciously, created God (as an archetypal symbol) in our own image, and not God who created us.

But they didn't discourage my belief in God. In fact they encouraged my practice of evoking angels because they felt that it brought out what was best in me and in other people. Ultimately I have come to believe that my simple faith in God has more verity than their complex and overly intellectual theories that justified their atheism. But their highly developed intellects did serve them well when it came to therapy methods.

Eventually the Fabians trained me to do some of their therapy techniques. There were victims of trauma-based mind control who the Fabians didn't want to work with. They had to be selective about which clients they worked with because their time was valuable and limited. Also, they didn't want to work with clients who had a high likelihood of becoming violent during therapy – these were the victims of MK Ultra experiments and

Satanic Ritual Abuse who grew up to be unstable adults. Some MK Ultra victims had been trained to have alter personalities who were violent assassins. The Fabians didn't want to work with these victims, but I was willing to. Sometimes Ole Jack, along with some of his men, would back me up when I worked with unstable clients. Even using the Fabians' techniques, sometimes a client with multiple personalities would suddenly shift into a violent alter personality. So in doing this type of therapy, I always had people with me who could protect me. I was also willing to work with people who were trying to recover from an addiction to drinking adrenalized blood. The Fabians didn't like to work with the blood drinkers. So I occasionally helped them out doing the work they couldn't do or didn't want to do.

The amount of time I spent working for the resistance, and the type of work I did, varied. But overall I didn't spend too much time in therapy or working for the resistance. Mostly I just tried to live an ordinary life. I worked ordinary jobs. I had ordinary friends. Most of my non-Luciferian friends were people I partied with. When I was in therapy I didn't drink or smoke pot, but when not in therapy, I partied a lot. My relationships tended to be impersonal. I enjoyed dating women, but the relationships didn't last very long. I didn't want to get too close to anyone. I had too many secrets that had to be kept.

Over time my relationship with my family improved. My work with the Fabians had me focus on those happy times that I had with my family. And I came to realize that I had many happy memories of times spent with my family. I learned to let go of the problems I had with my family as a child and to focus on the positive experiences. I always kept my relationship with my friends and family separate from my relationship with the reformed Luciferians of the resistance.

In those days my primary contact with the resistance was Bob. I always had mixed feelings about him. He had gotten me away from Shotzy, which probably saved my life. But then he trained me to be what was essentially a child prostitute, which was incredibly humiliating and painful. I wanted to kill him for that. But then, with the help of James and a copy of a rare book on Satanism, he vouched for me and helped me to escape the Baron. So during my time with this resistance movement, I went back and forth between not trusting Bob and appreciating the fact that he was trying to

make atonement for having done some terrible things to a lot of children. I wasn't the only child he trained and pimped out, and I hate to think what happened to the others. But eventually he played an important role in undermining the Committee. So his life story was one of terrible sin and powerful atonement.

Bob had been an enthusiastic Satanist, so his eventual rejection of Satanism was extraordinary. What happened was that on behalf of the Committee, the Baron sent Bob around the world to film the rituals of various Satanists who were connected in some way to the Committee. He was only supposed to make the films and then turn them over to the Committee in Europe. But he secretly made copies, thinking that it would please the Baron to have copies of all this as well. But some of the ritual practices of some of these Satanic groups were so extreme that even Bob became horrified when he witnessed them.

As jaded as he was, when Bob saw the levels of insanity and violence in these Satanic groups, he was disturbed by it. In fact he was freaked out by it. He talked in confidence with another Satanist friend who told him about a place called "The Retreat." This was a place where people who had been subjected to Satanic Ritual Abuse could heal, deprogram and regain their sanity. Bob went there with his sister Betsy for a number of months. By the time Bob and his sister left, they were very changed.

His sister originally had multiple personalities. Even after she left The Retreat, she was in and out of therapy with the Fabians for many years. With the Fabians' therapy methods, she eventually integrated into a single dominant personality who could remember everything. But this dominant personality didn't call herself Betsy, so in a sense, Betsy ceased to exist.

Bob didn't actually suffer from multiple personality syndrome, but he clearly had a deep identity crisis. It was during intensive therapy that Bobby and Roberta disappeared completely leaving only Bob and a wardrobe of women's clothing he no longer wore. And it was at The Retreat that Bob came to realize how weird his childhood had been. He came to feel guilty about the fact that he had trained and pimped out children to sexually service pedophiles. He wanted to make atonement for all he had done wrong, so Bob secretly joined the Jupiter resistance movement.

According to what I was told about The Retreat, the patients there were

under constant supervision and surveillance. The problem is that many of them had multiple personalities and all of them had serious identity issues. If a dangerous alter personality turned on, the managers of The Retreat had to know this immediately. The patients were not allowed to listen to the radio or watch TV while there. They were only given some newspaper articles to read so that they could keep up on what was going on in the outside world. During those times at The Retreat when they were not working in therapy, the patients were allowed to relax and read certain books and novels. And there were recreational activities that they could engage in. But the therapy was intensive.

When the patients became stable enough, they were encouraged to work at The Retreat doing chores. These would be things like cleaning up the buildings or working in the large gardens and greenhouses. The patients who went there were desperate for help. And the healing that took place there was nothing short of miraculous. Once their personalities had become reintegrated, they were assisted in returning to normal society.

The Baron knew nothing about this resistance movement. He had no idea that Bob and Betsy had gone to The Retreat. After he got back from The Retreat, Bob continued to work for the Baron as a filmmaker. So on behalf of the Committee, Bob continued to travel to different groups of Satanists and to film their practices. He also continued to secretly make copies of these films, but his motivation was different than it was before. He started showing these films to persons who were not authorized to see them. He did this to create disillusionment in aristocratic globalists who had no idea about the extremes of Satanism. I personally viewed many of those films, and some of them were overwhelmingly shocking.

I have to say that not all the films were violent or sexual. Many Satanic groups have rituals that are dignified and in some cases quite aesthetic. Many of these Luciferians seemed rational and sincere. Most of the films that Bob had made of these groups were kind of boring. Many of them were films of wealthy Luciferians chanting incantations, making affirmations and routinely acting out rituals.

And some were kind of funny. There was a film of a wealthy aristocrat lecturing a group of her Satanic followers. She was nude as were all the people in the room with her. But there was nothing really sexual about this.

Many of the people in the room were elderly and so was their leader. She had on nothing but make-up, shoes, long gloves and jewelry. She was drinking a martini while holding a book in her other hand. It was titled *Beyond Good and Evil*. The woman was periodically quoting from it as she lectured her group about the flaws of Christian philosophy. She was slightly tipsy and slurred her speech occasionally, but all the naked people in the room seemed to hang on her every word. It was all kind of comical.

But some of the films were shockingly violent. Some were so grotesque that I couldn't watch them all the way through. When it came to the technical aspects of filmmaking, Bob was quite skilled. He always had the right lighting and always positioned the camera well. This was back in the 1970s and early 1980s before digital technology made realistic special effects possible. We were looking at these films at a time when it would have been impossible to fake them. And everyone who saw these films knew that.

One of these violent films was of a young Mexican migrant worker being raped and tortured to death by a group of Satanists in California. All this took place in the basement of a large mansion. The victim had been tied up nude onto a sturdy wooden table. His feet were on the floor, tied to the bottom of the table's legs. He was face down on the table top and completely immobilized.

The men and women in this Satanic group were from twenty to forty years old. And there were some children in attendance. The victim was speaking in Spanish and some of the Satanists were talking to him in Spanish. When I saw this film with him, Bob translated for me. Some of the men and women were wearing hats with horns on them, but other than that, everyone was naked.

The film started out with the male Satanists anally raping the man while the female Satanists cheered them on. At first the victim was angry, but then he started begging them to stop. Then a woman got a glass soda bottle and a hammer and showed them to the victim. She told him that she was going to stick the bottle in his anus and break it with the hammer. Then she began to rape him with the bottle. He screamed loudly begging her to not break the bottle. Then she took the bottle out and put the hammer down. She picked up a riding crop and walked around where he could see her. She held up the riding crop and the bottle. She told him to pick one. She hit him on the back

a couple of times with the riding crop, but not too hard. She told him to pick one or the other. He didn't reply. She told him that if he didn't choose, she would choose something worse. The victim indicated the riding crop. The woman asked if he wanted to be whipped. He said, "Si," softly. She demanded that he talk louder. She demanded that he clearly tell her what he wanted her to do. Finally in Spanish, out loud, he said, "Whip me," over and over. Everyone in the group laughed at this. Then the woman put down the riding crop and the bottle and picked up a whip made from a string of barbed wire. It had a wooden handle on the end that she held. She laughed at him saying that he had asked to be whipped and now she was going to give him what he asked for. She and the other women there slowly flayed him with this barbed wire whip. Some of them were masturbating themselves as they whipped him. This took some time. While this was happening, the other people in the room were smoking marijuana and drinking from bottles of wine. The victim howled in absolute agony as they tortured him. Eventually his skin began to look like bloody hamburger. But at one point he suddenly stopped screaming as if he couldn't feel the pain anymore. He closed his eyes, and in Spanish said, "Praise Christ," three times. After that he passed out. Then they slit his throat and harvested his blood in a large container. They untied him, threw his dead body aside, and put the container filled with his blood carefully up on the table. They got cups and everyone started to greedily drink the blood. Finally they had an orgy while listening to a Satanic Mass recording made by Anton LaVey.

Bob told me that these were well-educated people from wealthy families. They were well-connected to persons in politics and commerce. Bob said that before this blood ritual, he had sat in the living room of their mansion and had a nice chat with them. He said that they were polite and well-spoken. They told Bob that they were looking forward to having their ritual filmed and hoped that the Committee would enjoy seeing it.

And the thing you have to understand is that this particular film made by Bob wasn't the most disturbing one he ever showed me. Some were much worse. And the Satanists performing these insane blood rituals were often very wealthy, well-educated and well-mannered persons – except during the rituals when they acted like they were possessed by demons.

Bob used these films to try to recruit people into the Jupiter resistance movement. The Fabians had many friendships with idealistic aristocrats

who were either initiated Luciferians or members of the global elite. Bob's films were shown to persons who worked for the United Nations, corporate leaders, powerful investors and other global leaders. These were all people who had at one time believed in the myth of the New World Order utopian government. But when these naive aristocrats saw the reality of the insanity in some of these Luciferian secret societies, they became disillusioned with the Committee and with the Illuminati.

Bob and the Fabians thought that if they could get influential aristocrats to become disillusioned with the Committee's passive acceptance of violent Satanism, they could then force the Committee to bring about reforms. These reforms would stop practices such as blood rituals, pedophilic sex and trauma-based mind control. I never completely trusted Bob's judgement. The Fabians were quite intelligent, so I thought the plan might work. But in retrospect, it should have been obvious that the ultra-violent Satanists were really the heart of the New World Order. With 20/20 hindsight I can now see that I was a fool to think that the Satanists would ever reform themselves. It's clear to me now this resistance movement was fated to fail from its outset. And that's what eventually happened.

The Fabians were brilliant therapists but naive about the internal politics of the Illuminati. Somebody they tried to recruit into the movement betrayed them to the Committee. The Committee sent operatives to study the movement and its members in secret. When the Committee gathered enough information, they struck down the movement with brutal force. They killed the Fabians, Bob and his sister. They killed many others. Some of us survived, but none of us were prepared for this crackdown except for James.

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## **James the Just**

I've been told that all great strategists think like chess players. They plan ahead and take into consideration all possibilities. They are willing to sacrifice their allies when necessary, just like chess players are willing to sacrifice chess pieces on a board. James is a great strategist. His goals are these: He intends to destroy the organized pedophile prostitution rings

which currently plague this world. He intends the deconstruction of global plutocracy and the construction of international democracy. He intends the deprogramming of Luciferian cultism and the promotion of healthy spirituality. And in the end, he and his followers will win, helping the world to achieve these goals.

James was different than most of the other leaders in the resistance. He wasn't trying to reform Luciferianism. He didn't believe that the Illuminati could be reformed. James was using the Jupiter reform movement to recruit followers for himself. He wanted to organize people in secret to covertly oppose the Illuminati so that someday it would be deconstructed. James did not believe in the New World Order. He disliked the idea of a single, all-powerful, centralized, world government. He believed that absolute power corrupts absolutely. Over the years it became apparent to me that James was very telepathic and precognitive. One time when I was talking with him he warned me that the Jupiter resistance group was likely to be discovered and crushed by the Committee.

And that's what eventually happened. Even with Ole Jack trying to manage the security of the group, the Committee eventually found out about it. It was inevitable. The Jupiter resistance movement was a well-organized free-for-all. There really was no single leader, and people constantly argued about who was in charge.

When they found out what was going on, what angered the Committee most was that Bob had showed his films around to so many important people. For all his flaws, I think that Bob had done something good. He really sabotaged the plans of the Illuminati. After what Bob and the Fabians had done, it must have taken years for the Committee to rebuild confidence among the aristocrats they needed for their globalist plans to go forward. Nothing that Bob or the Fabians did stopped the New World Order, but I think that they did slow down the New World Order. And Bob really pissed off the Committee more than anyone else before or since has ever done. And to my way of thinking, that was something to be admired.

The Baron was very imaginative in how he dealt with Bob. The Baron killed Bob in a way that was unusually slow and degrading. I do know that before he died, Bob gave himself over to Christ, and died believing that his sins had been forgiven by God.

The Committee sent professional killers to force Mr. and Mrs. Fabian to commit suicide in order to save the lives of their children. And in the last minute before committing suicide, they prayed to God for the first time in their lives.

The Baron sent a squad of killers to the cabin hideaway where Bob's sister had fled with her husband and children. One of her multiple personalities had been trained as an assassin. And she retained the skills of that personality when she reintegrated at The Retreat. So she managed to kill and wound several members of this squad. However in the end, the Baron's enforcers murdered her, her husband and their children.

Others in the resistance were also captured, tortured and killed. I have thought about all of them from time to time. And I have said prayers for them. But I think the time has come for me to let go of these memories.

I believed that James foresaw all this sacrifice. But he accepted this as necessary to the eventual defeat of the Illuminati. He understood what chess players understand. Sacrifice is always necessary to eventual victory.

However some members of the resistance escaped. James took those who were willing to disappear, with him, and they made a clean getaway. I think James was the smartest leader in the resistance because he never believed that the Illuminati should be reformed, he believed that it should be deconstructed. He always wanted to bring about an end to all the Luciferian secret societies. James believed in democracy, the Constitution and in God. And those simple values turned out to make more sense than all the intellectual ideas of the Fabians and their friends. The Fabians were brilliant when it came to therapy. But they were naive when it came to the Illuminati. They worked with James, but never completely trusted his leadership. Those who did trust James, survived.

Mostly through luck, I managed to not get killed during the crackdown on the resistance. But after the resistance fell, I stopped doing things that might upset the Committee. For decades I kept my head down and tried to live my life as best I could. Mostly I did what I could to forget the past. And I did use some of the Fabians therapy techniques to process my negative emotions and flashbacks when they came up.

Over the decades, from time to time, when his psychic abilities told him

that it was safe to contact me, James would surprise me by showing up unannounced. I was always glad to talk with him. He always encouraged me to become more involved in Christianity. Eventually I was baptized as a Christian and I did join a Church for a while. I pray every day. And I appreciate the fact that James helped me to make this spiritual awakening.

A few years ago when I was walking down the street alone, James pulled by in a pickup truck. He was dressed as always with sunglasses, bushy beard and cowboy hat.

“Let’s go deer hunting. Jump in,” he said.

I hadn’t seen him in years at that point. But I didn’t hesitate to jump into his truck. I’m not a hunter, but that didn’t matter. I was glad to see him. He took me out to a wooded area and parked. We hiked into the woods, he with his bow. It didn’t take long until we spied a deer in a distant clearing. Without hesitation and in one fluid motion, James shot the deer with one arrow to its heart. When we got to the clearing the deer was lying on the ground. It looked peaceful, as if it had just gone to sleep.

“Don’t be afraid. They’re with me,” James said.

At first I didn’t know what he meant, but then I looked around and realized that there were people in the woods dressed in camo. James whistled a bird sound, and they came out of the woods slowly. They were all wearing ski masks. Some had hunting rifles, some had bows and they all had hunting knives. Some had backpacks. Some were men, and some women. About a dozen in all. I was impressed by the fact that when James introduced me as Kathy, none of them laughed or snickered. Apparently, I had a reputation with them.

Two of them hung the deer up on a sturdy tree branch and started dressing it quickly. The rest of them sat in a circle along with James and me. James told them of his friendship with me. He explained that he and I went way back. He said that the two of us had been friends since we were young. I liked it that he described our relationship that way. He had me tell them about the Gentle Followers of Mary and the secret library. And he had me tell them the story of Susan the Poisoner. They seemed entertained to hear it.

Although I am not personally invested in the idea of reincarnation,

something James said to me that day has made me consider it as a possibility. After my telling of the story of Susan, James shared something with the others and me. He said that the librarians (the Gentle Followers of Mary) believed that I was the true incarnation of Susan, that ole satanic witch who eventually converted to Christianity near the end of her life. James spoke of the early Christian doctrine, gilgul, which means Wheel of the Souls. It's a belief in reincarnation that differs from that in Buddhism and Hinduism. St. Jerome professed it and Jesus himself confirmed it when he said that John the Baptist was really the prophet Elijah. In this ancient Christian/Judaic doctrine, God is said to send back souls who need to be given a second chance at salvation, and he may send back saved souls on missions to help humanity at critical times. Some five hundred years after the time of Christ, corrupt Church officials did away with this doctrine in order to centralize power in the Church. But the Gentle Followers of Mary had ancient documents that proved that it was originally the true doctrine of the early Church. The Gentle Followers believed that those who are in Heaven are like the angels, neither male nor female; so that a reincarnated soul might be female in one lifetime and male in another. The Gentle Followers believed that God had sent my soul back to Earth on a mission. I wanted to laugh when I heard this, but I couldn't – it made too much sense. When I had been acting out as the Kathy personality as a child, it seemed that some other part of me awakened. It made some sense that when they were evoking the Kathy personality, they were evoking my past life memories of Susan. She had been a Satanist, so that's why Satanists felt that I was one of them. But Susan had rejected Satanism in the end – just as I had. It occurred to me that whenever I told the story of Susan the Poisoner, I visualized it from the point of view of Susan. And chills ran up my spine when I realized that *The Book of Shadows of Susan the Poisoner*, a book that I had written in a previous incarnation, had been used to save my life from the wrath of the Baron. At the time, this revelation made me feel strange.

Then James had me tell them of the Jupiter resistance movement – who they were, what they stood for, the good they did, the mistakes they made and how they died. These companions of James seemed to hang on every word I said. The men that were dressing the deer worked fast. By the time I was done with my stories, they had all the meat they wanted from it in plastic bags, stored away in back packs. They cut down what remained of

the corpse and left it in the clearing as a gift to the animal friends in the forest, who would snack on it after we left.

James talked for a little while about the Bible. He quoted from the story of David and Goliath. He said that in every battle, you should never discount anybody who fought with you. David was a child and Goliath a giant of a warrior. But with a single thrown stone, a child turned the tide of the battle.

Then James had them stand in a circle. They said a prayer to the Supreme Goddess, Mary Christ Mother giving thanks for the deer meat. Then all of them looked at me intently. Each one spoke an affirmation in unison.

“God is the Creator of all. My faith in God is my armor. My love of God is my shield. The truth of God is my sword. Although I work in the shadows, falsehood is my enemy. My enemy is defeated by those who openly speak the truth. Those who speak the truth are my allies. I will defend my allies if need be with my life. I am a follower of James the Just.”

This was some type of a ritual. I realized then that these people with him were some of his followers. I remembered that the Gentle Followers of Mary believed that James was a prophet of God. Although I couldn't see the faces of his followers, I could see their eyes. I knew that they believed in James with all their hearts.

James said to me, “You still need to heal more. You still hold fear of the Luciferians inside of you. When you've let go of those fears, I'll sense it because of our psychic connection. Then we'll meet again, Kathy.”

We hugged briefly before parting. I followed one of his men through the woods to a hidden motorcycle. With his back to me, he took off his ski mask, and put on his helmet which was tinted so I couldn't see his face. I actually found the security procedures that James used comforting, because it meant that he was taking care of himself and his followers. Once we had our helmets on, the motorcycle driver carefully drove us out of the woods, back to a road and then back to town, where he dropped me off.

Over time, I have come to know that James has built up several covert groups to oppose Luciferianism. The Illuminati uses covert actions to accomplish their goals, and James uses covert actions to oppose them. James is a peace-loving man. His desire is to not harm anyone. But it's difficult to create change in a world where the mass media is dominated by

lies and propaganda. James and his followers are the secret defenders of the truth-telling journalists. They are the truthers' secret allies. They use covert methods to help those persons who are increasing public awareness of the Illuminati's oppressive global system. The first phase of any revolution is information. James wants more people to understand how this global plutocracy is harming the world. This is a truther revolution. Once enough people know the truth, political reform can take place. Some publicly known truthers have been killed by the Illuminati. However every Illuminati leader who makes the decision to kill a publicly known truther becomes an enemy of James and his followers. And a wise man would not want to have James the Just as his enemy.

For more than two decades after the fall of the Jupiter resistance movement, I had no involvement with any type of resistance against Luciferianism. I just wanted to live an ordinary life and to not think about Satanism. So on the rare occasion when James would show up in my life, we didn't talk about anything having to do with his covert groups. We would just talk about Christianity and God. He would encourage me to use prayer and meditation to process my feeling of fear and grief. But when he showed up that day to go deer hunting, it was the first time I realized that he had probably never stopped fighting against the Illuminati.

For about twenty-five years after the fall of Jupiter, I mostly tried to heal my soul and find some contentment in life. I used some of the techniques taught to me by the Fabians to heal myself. I had some successes in life. I had some good years. I had some good times. But in the back of my mind I always knew that there were dark forces ruling the world. I knew that most people in the general public were naive about the intentions of the global elite. But I didn't feel emotionally strong enough to oppose them. Over time, it became easier to think about my childhood abuse and the violent demise of my friends in the resistance. Over time, my faith in God grew stronger. Over time, I healed and found my inner strength. After meeting with James' followers I remembered what it was to have a strong sense of purpose.

I started talking about my experiences with Satanism to people like Rich Winkel and Patricia Robinett. Rich was successful in developing an extraordinary radio program on KOPN in Columbia, Missouri. It was a groundbreaking show that dealt with subjects that hadn't been exposed



before. He talked about the medical abuse of pregnant women and children. He talked about psychiatric abuse and circumcision. With his background in the sciences he was able to bring clarity to issues such as the Oklahoma bombing and 9/11 events. With him, I talked about subjects on the radio such as transhumanism and UFOs. When I talked on these subjects the listeners seemed to respond. I eventually began to feel that I could talk about Satanism. I started talking about Satanism publicly on the Thought Crime Radio program. The more I talked openly, the less fear I felt for the Illuminati. Yet I was eventually pushed off the air.

But some of the followers of James heard some of the shows I did when I was on the air. They played recordings of some of these programs to James. Apparently I impressed him, which is not easy to do. Eventually one day when James showed up again, he asked if I was ready to start opposing the Satanists. And I agreed to work with him again. For a time, I worked with his covert groups. We worked together to share insider information on the Thought Crime Radio website: <http://www.thoughtcrimeradio.net>. The Thought Crime Radio program was on a small radio station. And the [thoughtcrimeradio.net](http://www.thoughtcrimeradio.net) website doesn't get a huge number of hits. So although I was on the Illuminati's radar, it was in a small way, and their surveillance of me at that time had big holes in it. James has trained his followers in psychic abilities and covert methods, and they knew how we could move through those holes. James would send me people who had insider information. In order to meet, we had to be careful to avoid Illuminati surveillance.

One thing that helped was that the Illuminati had intercepted some communications about an operative named Kathy. They believed that Kathy might lead them to James, but that never happened. They assumed that Kathy was a woman. However, eventually the Illuminati figured out that the operative known as "Kathy" was actually a man. And they've figured out that I am that man. So now the surveillance on me is so intense that I no longer have personal contact with any of these covert groups that fed me information for so long. And I know that I never will have personal contact with any of them again. One member of these covert groups briefly met me one last time, explaining that it wasn't safe for any of them to directly contact me anymore. So I am not in direct communication with them, although I do continue to feel that we have spiritual connection.

*James lived long enough to read the earlier editions of this book as well as three other books he inspired me to write. These would be a book on Satanic cannibalism, a book describing the Fabian's techniques for deprogramming mind control and a book on psychic abilities which are based on Christian spirituality. These three books are referenced at the beginning and end of this book.*

*After his death, the leadership position that James had held with these covert resistance groups was eventually taken over by a woman named Deborah who inspired me to write some more books. But although he has passed from this world, I still feel the spiritual presence of James in my life. With his death I lost a friend but gained another guardian angel.*

Over the years, I have come to think of the name "Kathy" as my identity when I am working covertly. It's like a code name. It has no other implications for me. But I no longer have a covert identity; so in a sense, Kathy no longer exists, although I still do... at least for now. Whatever happens to me, there are many others who will never stop opposing the Illuminati. And that realization gives me hope.

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Ole Jack

Ironically, the final and complete deconstruction of the Jupiter resistance group took place in 1984. After it first fell, Ole Jack went into temporary hiding and attempted to negotiate with the Baron. The Baron was very dependent upon Ole Jack to run his organization. So the Committee put Ole Jack on probation, had him watched and let him continue to run the Baron's organization. Ole Jack was always a survivor.

Technically speaking, I hadn't broken any of the Committee's mandates because I had been authorized to be in therapy with the Fabians, and their work had originally been considered to be a valid Illuminati research project. It was only when it became obvious that the Fabians were covertly trying to undermine the Committee that they got into trouble.

After the crackdown, I was put on surveillance by the Committee and watched, to see if James or any of his followers would try to contact me.

But James was shrewd and didn't contact me until years later. However the surveillance of me which went on for months after the crackdown gave me a temporary reprieve from the wrath of the Baron. My phone was bugged, and from time to time I could tell that I was always being followed, though nobody touched me.

Eventually the anger of the Committee and the Baron subsided. As they investigated further, they realized how many important aristocrats had been involved in some way or another with this resistance group. So they eventually concluded that they couldn't kill everyone. The killing stopped and they put out a general amnesty for anyone who made two promises. These promises were worded something like this:

1. I promise to cease any attempt to undermine the authority of the Committee.
2. I promise to maintain the invisibility of the Illuminati.

Because there were so many people who had been involved in the resistance, they couldn't use the usual formal oaths of secrecy and loyalty. The process of making these oaths became rather bureaucratic. They reduced this oath of secrecy and loyalty to a form letter which they made the former members of our resistance group sign. It said that you swore by Lucifer that you would never reveal the secrets of the Illuminati or challenge the Committee in any way.

I was brought to a warehouse by two armed enforcers. There were other people there who were standing in a line. When a person reached the front of the line, the form letter was put in front of him or her to be signed. After it was signed, a man at the table would put a check mark next to the signer's name. As I stood in line I felt an intense anger rise up in me. I thought of all those persons I had seen hurt and killed by the Society of Lucifer. My whole body shook with contempt for them. When they put this form letter in front of me to sign I impulsively wrote, "Fuck You," on it instead of signing my name. I thought that when they saw what I had written they would shoot me, but at that moment I didn't care. However the enforcers who had presented me with the form letter were bored with the routine and weren't paying close attention. They didn't bother to look at the paper after I wrote on it. And they put me down as having made the oath, which I did

not. So to my surprise I walked away alive that day.

But I knew the futility of talking in public about Satanism back in those days. This was the 1980s. There was no internet. If you talked about an international conspiracy of wealthy Satanists, nobody would believe you. So I did keep quiet for a long time. But as they say, revenge is a dish best served cold. And the only revenge I can get now is to tell the truth of my own life experiences. So I have waited until the time is right. And that time is now.

I knew that the Jupiter resistance group wasn't the first attempt to reform the Illuminati from within. And presently there are rumors on the internet which say that another reform movement within the Illuminati has begun. Supposedly, the new secret ruler of the Illuminati is out to "clean up" the Luciferian secret societies. The rumor is that the new boss is claiming to get rid of the human sacrifices, blood drinking and child sex rings. But of course this is probably just another Illuminati sham. Either this is just another fraud, or the hard core Satanists are waiting for the right time to violently crack down on this new reform movement. I've learned this lesson from bitter experience. There's no reforming the Illuminati from within. It has to be opposed by those outside of it until it's completely deconstructed. I do believe that there are aristocrats within the Illuminati system who recognize that their families in the long run would be better off if the Illuminati was to be systematically deconstructed, and authentic democracy reconstructed. When it's allowed to exist, authentic democracy is the most stable form of government. And the Plutocracy created by the Illuminati is increasingly unstable. But the movement to make these political reforms must come from outside the Illuminati. History shows that every movement to reform the Illuminati from within was always eventually crushed brutally.

As I said, after the Jupiter reform movement was crushed, Ole Jack was forgiven. The Baron couldn't deny the fact that Ole Jack had been essential to his organization. The Baron couldn't run his operation without Ole Jack, so he was forgiven so long as he went back to work, which he did.

I saw Ole Jack from time to time. He would meet with me under the excuse that he was checking up on me, but really he just wanted to talk. He sometimes liked to recall the good old days when he was fighting the forces

of evil instead of working for them. As the years went by I had the feeling that he had been promoted and become very powerful. But he never bragged about this.

On one of his brief visits, he told me that Shotzy was dead. She had gotten involved with a group of hard core Satanists who were addicted to drinking adrenalized human blood. They would abduct children, torture them and drink their blood. One day, when the others in her coven got thirsty, they turned on Shotzy and they did to her what she had been doing to the abducted children. They even made a film of it, and somehow this film made its way to Ole Jack. And the news that Shotzy's death had been slow and painful really didn't upset me.

Usually his visits were short. And usually we just chatted about the old days and the people in the resistance whom we had known. At first, when he was making these visits I wasn't certain of his motivations. I suspected that he might be trying to learn the whereabouts of James and his resistance group. James the Just and his followers are the Illuminati's greatest threat, but they've never been able to find James or his followers. So I was always careful about what I said to Ole Jack.

But after a while it became clear that Ole Jack wasn't interrogating me for information. He just wanted to talk with an old buddy. Usually Ole Jack just focused on the happy memories of the good times and avoided the bitter memories. He liked to tell the story about the time when Daisy hung herself on a tree outside the window at the Baron's estate. I was horrified back when that had happened. But Ole Jack's retelling of all his misadventures in disposing of her corpse actually made a comical story when told many years later.

Yet in spite of his cheerful banter and jokes, Ole Jack was like a slave who had escaped the plantation for a while but later was caught and dragged back. To be sure, he was wealthy and he had all the luxuries he wanted. And knowing Ole Jack, I'm sure he used his power to occasionally help those he deemed worthy and to occasionally covertly sabotage some of the Committee's plans. But he still had to serve the Dark Overlords whom he quietly hated. And this slowly ate away at his guts. He became a chain smoker after the resistance fell, and eventually he died of lung cancer.

I'm pretty sure that, although there were people in the Committee who had

wanted me dead, Ole Jack had used his influence to protect me. He told me on a number of occasions that he felt that someday I would do something important. He didn't say what that was. He always played his cards close to his chest. He just said that when the time was right, I would know. He died around the year 2000 AD, but by then the Committee had forgotten me. When he was still alive, the last time we met, he told me something interesting. He said that he had recently looked through the old file which the Committee had kept on me. With a wry expression on his face he told me that he had looked closely at the secrecy oath which I had supposedly signed. He was surprised when he noticed that I had written "Fuck You" instead of signing my name to it. That made him laugh.

The last thing he said to me when he left that day was, "Kathy, old pal, I have a feeling that someday you're going to tell this world one hell of a story."

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